

ON THE
SUNSET
SHORE





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ON THE
SUNSET SHORE

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“ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN”







*Yours truly,
Joseph W. Dorr.*

ON THE
SUNSET SHORE

A BOOK OF
POEMS AND RHYMES

BY
JOSEPH W. DORR

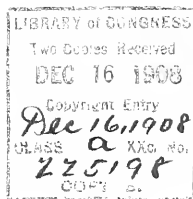
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PREFACE.

This book will not have fulfilled the mission designed for it by its author unless its influence upon its readers shall have been to increase, to a degree at least, their reverence for the Giver of all good and the Creator of everything beautiful in mind and matter.

J. W. D.

THE SUNSET SHORE

PARADISE FORGOT.

The little stream laughed and leaped down the rocky steeps into the green canyon and ran away among the peach orchards and meadows to hide itself in the bosom of the big stream down by the almond trees and grape vines, and I stood there, among the orchards, and looked at the silver river which wandered out from among the hills of green and gray, and forgot the rest of the universe while I gazed on the beauties of Peach.

The bees sung in the alfalfa, the white houses nestled among the apple trees and the pine-clad hills around smiled down on this, one of the earth's most beautiful spots, where the fierce cold of winter never comes and where the winds and dusts of the highland fields above never penetrate. Like a jewelled crescent in the ear of some ravishing beauty hangs this peaceful emerald nook close to the silvery face of the Columbia.

The grapes drank purple blood from the teeming soil of the verdant slope, while the sunbeams painted blushes on the cheeks of the downy peaches and shining apples, and the almond smiled through its soft gray mask, while the pear and prune grew luscious in the autumn air, and I forgot my dream of Paradise when I looked upon this

most beautiful scene I ever beheld in earth, and I thought I could stay there content a thousand years if a bit of this bewitching landscape were my very own.

The view is mine, I hold it yet, though the land belongs to others. I can close my eyes and see a vision of the silver river sweeping around the inner bow of that exquisite emerald crescent, studded here and there with a painted cottage nestling among the orchards and vineyards, where the pine-clad hills which wall it in mellow the winter's cold, and where the river with its mountain current cools the summer heat. I think Content must dwell very close to Peach.

* * *

Away off there to the west like a centipede the long passenger train is crawling, crawling around the shoulders and across the gulches of the mountain sides, leaving green fields of the wide valley to explore the gray of the lava-streaked sage-brush fringed hills. It is just as well, for I am content to stay.

Yonder among the blue green hills nestles the Cove, above it gleam in the sunlight the snowy peaks of the Powder River mountains. Away to the left the chimneys of La Grande send up a veil of blue among the nooks between the toes of the Blue mountains, while Hot Lake steams before it and Island City and Alicel support its right, and far to the north, where the haze rests on the ridges, nestles Elgin, where the river plunges down into the depths of the yawning earth beyond. At our feet Union

City smiles up at us, while yonder at the right and left stand Mts. Frances and Emily, with their green robes drawn around them, pure but austere, the chaperons of the entrancing scene.

It is the Grand Ronde, and when I see it with its green fields, its walls of green and blue and white and gray, I forget, earth, paradise, heaven, everything in the universe save God and rapture, and the waters sing and the mills rumble and the happy cattle nuzzle in the emerald fields, and I am content to stay, spring, summer, autumn, among the winning scenes.

I see it in my dreams, the valley of the Grand Ronde, which lies a bounteous plain just where the river comes out of the bosom of the Blue mountains, Oregon's water-bottles, where the blue birds and larks and robins sing among the apple orchards and the wheat fields and pastures carpet the earth with green, and the sheep look down from the mountain sides and smile at the cattle in the fields below, while Nature sighs with content at the picture she has painted.

* * *

Content has one of her most beautiful homes on earth in Pine Valley, where the stream wanders out from among the ice caves of the Powder River mountains and goes to play between the peach and apple orchards and pastures among the homes of men.

They have heard about the outside world, the people there in Pine Valley, but they don't care to go away and

see it. They had rather look up at the blue robe of heaven overhead, at the glittering peaks of gold and silver and gray and white where their river is born, at the warm pine-clad arms which fold them in on either side and at their own rich fields and orchards and quiet homes than at a striving world of kings outside.

And when I saw their complacency and the beauty of their surroundings I forgot the blue waters of the sea, the odor of the orange groves, the glimmer of the lakes and the song of the waterfalls in the mountain where I had wandered. My gaze and mind were so engaged that I had no time to think of other beauties. This valley of delight was enough for me, if autumn and spring could always last, and if any flaws had come to mar its beauty, man had made them, for I cannot think that Nature can have done a more perfect piece of work anywhere on earth than she had done right here.

The valley begins among the beetling crags of the Powder River mountains, where the snow peaks pierce the sky ten thousand feet, and stretches twenty miles or more between the pine-clad hills, until it sinks away among the gray shoulders to the south. Its floor is covered for miles of verdant width with rich and level fields, among which winds the creek with its banks of willows and cottonwoods; and when I stood on the mountain side and viewed its loveliness I forgot that man was wicked and that there was any other place than Paradise and that this was not it.



A DAUGHTER OF WASHINGTON.

On the shores of the Sapphire Sea she first saw the sun on November 11th, 1889, the day that President Harrison signed the bill which made Washington a state.

A million balls of gold gleamed among the emerald leaves, the bees hummed a narcotic refrain while they burrowed in the hearts of the orange blossoms, and I stretched myself in the hammock beneath the pepper tree and forgot that Covina was not Paradise.

The attar of the waxen orange blossoms beguiled my senses, the mocking bird warbled on the feather of a palm, and I was lost amid the ecstasy of sound and sight and smell.

The rose hedge blushed and the big magnolia blossoms reflected back the southern sun, while the grape-fruit trees drank from the San Gabriel until their amber spheres could hold no more.

True the mountains looked gray and discouraged, but they only accentuated the bounteous green of the valley below, made so by the life which flowed from their generous breasts. They are the treasure houses of life to which the dwellers of the teeming Paradise below go for stores of riches and of beauty; a burned oak frame for a bewitching picture, a bulwark from the northern gales.

Under the pavilions on Smiley Heights I forgot Paradise and heaven for the time being, while I inhaled the odors from the orange groves below and gazed into the wilderness of roses, geraneums, clematis and passion flowers and listened to the fountains and canaries and mocking birds sing.

Time is a dream and toil a vision while the palm leaves rustle overhead and the century plant mists honey for the

drunken bees, and the flowers catch blushes from the sunbeams, while the oranges draw rich gold from the soil which is forced to give it up by the workmen furnished by the San Gabriel as they gently caress the rootlets which they feed. The town below is but a toy village arranged to suit a perfect fancy, and if there is anything in it which would do violence to my dream, distance and the orange groves obscure the disturbing features, and I realize nothing but the nearer beauties, and lapse back into the ethereal influences of the day and place and let my contented blood run slow while I forget.

* * *

One's sense of taste, coupled with sight and smell, can make one forget time, the end of time and even Paradise. The sweetness and beauty of a San Jose prune orchard, a Fresno vineyard when the grapes give a good smell and the new wine clamors to escape from its purple cells, a Santa Rosa peach orchard, with its gold-and-red carpet beneath the trees and luscious globes of downy sweetness still hanging to the pendant boughs, any of these appealing influences would serve to absorb.

I forgot, while the rich juice gurgled through my teeth and bewitched my lips and palate, as I gathered from the burdened branches and gazed upon the golden carpet far, far away beneath the rows of trees, forgot Paradise, but remembered the millions of my kind who could not have what man's greed was here allowing to go to waste.

When I saw the purple clusters gleaming among a

thousand acres of leafy vines along the Sacramento and San Joaquin I forgot that there was anything but richness and the royal life tints of the grape; and the Sierra Nevadas smiled down benignly upon the opulence which their bounteous flow had created in the places where once a burning desert reigned, and the poppies blazed on the hills and the honey flowed from the rocks, and the giant sequoia and redwoods keep their silent watch since the days when the penitent thief hung on the cross and the Man of Galilee told him of that Paradise which I have forgot.

* * *

The ocean hums a deep toned dirge while it weeps against the shores of Mendocino, Humboldt and Del Norte, and the green headlands hold it back while it dashes in its vain attempt to destroy the earth. The pretty homes nestle behind the sheltering headlands beside the waters of their placid lakes and smile in comfort from among the evergreens and maples and alders, while the singing streams warble down from the curtain of the green and blue mountain sides against the eastern sky. I can have the moaning of the restless ocean here as well as the peaceful shelter of my mother earth, and I forget that there is anywhere else in all the world but these dreamy nooks along the ocean, where the meadow lark and robin are at home so close to where the sea birds scream and wheel, and the sun sinks into the deep below the western sky, and the ships go by whether to return or no I cannot tell.

When I go through the three worlds in Western Oregon I forget that they are a part of that larger world. Jacksonville is the capital of one beautiful little world which is guarded on all sides by walls of eternal mountains; Roseburg is the capital of another; then comes that greater world around which all the others circle, the hub of which is rich old Portland. Jackson and Douglas may be the sparkling satellites, but the Willamette is the center of the orbit around which they revolve. There is only one better place in the universe than this, its dwellers think, and the jewelled white fingers of Mts. Hood, Jefferson and St. Helens point toward it. A thousand bounteous fields smile when they think of it, thousands of elegant country homes draw their exclusive robes around them and retire into their bursting opulence when they contemplate the favors nature has bestowed upon them, the bachelor buttons fleck the green sky of the fields, the iris and the syringa gleam on the hillsides and the mountains of blue and green and white guard the scene, while Eugene, Corvallis, Albany, Salem and a hundred other cities and towns cling like jewels to the silver ribbon of the Willamette. If one must remember all the time, to get to Paradise, I fear that many of the dwellers along this beautiful stream will never reach the ever vernal shores, for nature has conspired with human fancy to make them forget while gazing at the nearer beauties around them, the eternal ever vernal shores of the far beyond.

If the grandeur, the sylvan beauty and the pastoral delight of all the world was boiled down into one beguiling scene it could not be more potent to engage the enraptured view than is the Columbia River from The Dalles to Portland. I have been told that this is the greatest river in volume which springs from the bosom of mother earth. I do not know, but this I know: its mighty stream and wonderful shores are a dream. Its depths sweep in and out among the towering crags; the snowy peaks are not too old to play peak-a-boo behind the doorways of the mighty canyons and green-clad pinnacles of a thousand beautiful mountains. The silver streamer of Multnomah and the glimmer of the Bridal Veil, a hundred pastures and a thousand clinging homes, all, all conspire to make the traveler forget that there is a veil of tears, to forget that there *may be* a place more pretty, more beautiful, more grand, or more enduring in its delights.

* * *

Could earth and water be more beautifully arranged than they are on Puget Sound? Green mountains bathing their feet in emerald and sapphire depths, a thousand coves and nooks among the evergreens and fields, mysterious passages and placid bays, and long reaches where are reflected the great snow peaks beyond.

I thought, as I stood on the top of old Mt. Constitution and gazed around, that man was little and the world so big that he could never fill it. The view is a dream. The world is silent up there, only the tinkle of the sheep

bell down on the mountain side, or the saucy bark of the squirrel nearer by breaks the stillness. We are above the moil of man, and distance hides the scars that he has made, still we can see a thousand signs of his play, from the belching steamship away yonder, plowing in from the broad Pacific, to the feathery sailboat gliding up the Sound like a bit of down lost from some sea bird's breast.

The lake glimmers among the evergreens half way down the mountain side as the hungry trout leaps from its limpid depths and sends the wavelets circling toward the shore, the farms of Orcas, like brown and green plats upon a checker-board, sleep in the summer sun. Farther over the fields of San Juan smile among the evergreens, and Lopez and Fidalgo and Whidby with their orchards and fields stud the Sound with richness, while its waters wind in and out among a myriad of lesser islands.

Yonder along the feet of the mighty Cascades stretches a land of plenty from Vancouver to Tacoma, and to the south and west silent and grim, with rocks and evergreens and snow bejewelled crowns, cluster the Olympics, at the feet of which nestle Olympia, Shelton, Port Townsend and Port Angeles.

Away to the west stretches that gem of the ocean, Vancouver island, with its snowy peaks and hiding lakes, its pretty homes and tumbling streams.

While we stand on this mountain we can see here and there a steamer creeping in and out among the hiding villages along the shores of the inquisitive waters, yonder



WHERE THE MOCKING BIRD MAKES MUSIC IN THE
ORANGE GROVES.

along the blue range of the Cascade foothills a crawling train with its trail of ebon smoke; down on some little bay a silent puffing mill among the evergreens, and all about the toy villages—fifty of them—of men and women who have been at play along the shores and beside the mountains.

Yonder is Seattle, the Queen City of the Sound, with its thickly sprinkled hills and restless energy; over at our right the Queen City of British Columbia, Victoria, the city of eleven lakes; at our left the beautiful tumbling waters of Whatcom, and at our back the Royal City of Westminster and the Gate City, Vancouver, of Western Canada.

These scenes of the sapphire sea make one forget in summer time that he can live in any other part of the world, make one almost forget that there is a Paradise, a heaven, which *may* outdo these absorbing beauties.

* * *

Southwestern British Columbia, like a golden horn of plenty with a rim of jewelled mountains sparkling around its beautiful bell, its sweeping river plied, between comfortable homes, by a fleet of busy steamers and white-winged ships, its deep blue harbors a mirror for the snow-clad peaks which hem them in, its delightful park and gems of cities, New Westminster and Vancouver, its mysterious island, upon which sits the queen of the province, Victoria, with its entrancing scenery; and Nanaimo with its swarm of sea craft, its bewitching nooks and bays and

waterfalls, and those other rich, beautiful isles, Queen Charlottes. A land of peace and plenty which woos to forgetfulness of less favored realms, and whose joys of living nurture neglect of preparation for Paradise.

* * *

Alaska, the unknown, the land where fields of golden grain are throbbing to burst from the less worthy sands of gold, a thousand islands, bays, lakes, mighty rivers, an army of glistening snow peaks, millions of acres of flower-flecked plains, awaiting the grateful scratching of the farmer's plow to yield a world of bread. Juneau, Sitka, Skagway nestling among their emerald isles, where the cedars and the firs sing seconds to the harp of the sea; Dawson, where bubbles up the golden flood of the Klondike; Nome, with its glittering sands and latent plains; Tanana, and gold, gold, gold, awaiting in the yet un-grown but possible fields of waving grain, and hiding in the sands and rocks, and one forgets, while exploring this interesting and unknown land, that he belongs in Paradise and that there is but one bridge which leads with its seventy arches of short years from this terrestrial evergreen shore to the etherial realms beyond, from which no traveler has e'er returned to tell of beauties which we can but imagine from comparing with *these*, which we *have* felt and seen.

SUCCESS.

In the sweet by and by,
Not on some other shore,
 But on this hope has pictured success,
When our dream shall be true
And our faith shall be sight,
 And we'll joy in sweet Fancy's caress.

Oh, that sweet by and by,
How it brightens the eye,
 While we strive for the comforts of life;
And we win if we fail,
When we honestly toil
 And make a good fight in the strife.

Sometime, by and by,
We are sure we shall win,
 And cheerfully forward we press;
While hope spurs us on
With the faith that some day
 We shall bask in the arms of Success.

If we make a good fight
In the battle of life,
 Our conscience with comfort will bless,
And eternity's page
Will be written across
 With the magical name of Success.

What we gather in life
Does not prove in the strife
That we've won in the struggle below;
We fail if we win,
If our ways will not bear
The light of eternity's glow.

MY BOYS AND GIRLS.

The girls I meet are flowers to me—
I always view them so—
From glorious magnolia
To pumpkin bloom below.

All flowers are perfect in their way,
If viewed with kindly eye;
Their fairest charms are often missed
By heedless passer-by.

My Kate's a royal jacquiminot,
And Mary a wild rose;
Gertrude a purple clematis
Which by my window grows.
My Eloise a passion flower,
And Jane a primrose fair,
While Ruth's a forest orchid,
So gentle and so rare.
Grace was a sensitive plant so frail,
Ethel a golden rod,

And Winnifred a violet
Beside the path I trod.
Vesta a snow-white pansy
And Marguerite sweet pea;
Naomi a pink daisy
My Father gave to me.
Rachel a carnation,
Louise a trillium;
A lily Leonora,
From Paradise has come.
Forget-me-not is Josephine,
Who grows beside the rock;
A climbing rose is sweet Clarice,
Sarah a hollyhock.

In boys, I see so many trees
Which grow within the wood,
And some are grand, and some are strong,
And some are not so good;
And some are fair to look upon,
Others are rough and plain,
While some have grown so crooked
It gives my heart a pain.

John is a fir tree tall and strong,
Dick is a riven oak,
Charlie a crooked willow
Whose branches have been broke.
Rob is a hollow sycamore,

Joseph an apple tree ;
Maurice a cedar, Paul a birch—
An alder Ed I see.
Harry a basswood, George an elm,
A maple Valentine ;
A prickly spruce is Willie,
A poplar David, tall ;
While Thomas is a quaking asp,
Whose heart dark doubts appall.
Samuel, the balm of Gilead,
And Peter hickory.
I see in Albert singing pine,
Who stands beside my way.
Luther's an eucaliptus,
And James a redwood tree.
Justin's the fairest tree of all,
The palm, or ought to be.



THE PRICE OF LOVE.

You say you bought her with a big bouquet
Of Marechal Neils and Jacquiminots,
And now that you have got her
She's not the joy your fancy painted her—
A disappointment and regret,
And not the treasure that you thought her.

Strange. Why, with such a price,
You should have won a paragon
Of loveliness and worth and all that's true?
But was it one bouquet?
I fear you have forgotten since the day
You paid the purchase price
And placed her under bonds
To with fresh vintage
Oft renew the price her fancy treasured.

Such fancies are not necessary now,
Since you've secured the prize
Sought by the lust of your delighted eyes.
Oh, I see, 'tis self you love.
Well, love yourself;
Then if others do not love you
You will have at least some love.
But remember this, no treasure is secured for nought;
There must be rendered up a fair exchange.
Hearts are not bought with lust.

The price to pay for loveliness and truth
Is honest heart for honest heart.
Try that, and then I promise you
Your purchase will another creature seem,
Fulfilling every fancy of your dream—
A treasure precious
And a joy to soul and sense.

THE DOLLAR BUG.

The dollar bug lives in a desert drear
Where nothing lovely grows,
Where the sun shines hot every day in the year
And it never rains or snows.

But the dollar bug works with all his might,
And never rests or sleeps;
He's afraid that something will roll away
In spite of the watch he keeps.

The dollar bug's soul is measured off
By a string of figures and noughts;
They worry him all the burning day
Like a swarm of buzzing bots.

He works all day and he dreams all night
Of the heaps he is piling up;

Sometimes he steals his neighbor's dirt
While his neighbor stops to sup.

But why does the dollar bug work so hard
And cause himself such pain?
Why, he dreamed, while his eyes were open wide,
That some day it would rain.

THE SHORTEST HOUR.

The shortest hour in all the day—
How fast the moments fly—
Is just the time you should arise
But still in bed you lie.

You knew at five when you awoke
At six you should be dressed,
But now you know you can't succeed
Although you do your best.

You only yawned and stretched yourself
And snuggled down in bed.
"Oh my! I must have been asleep!"
When seven struck, you said.

It only seemed a moment since
You heard the clock strike five,
And stretching out for one more wink
Were glad you were alive.

But, oh, the clock, how fast it went,
 Regardless of your fate,
And of your woe when you should wake
 And find yourself so late.

The minutes are but seconds short,
 The hours but minutes seem,
While stretching out for that last rest
 So comfortably you dream.

So now a tardy mark you'll get,
 Maybe a reprimand,
Because about the swiftest time
 You didn't understand.

And while you hurry on your clothes,
 With lips all puckered sour,
You know the minutes last in bed
 Make up the shortest hour.



SOMEWHERE ELSE.

The glow of dawn creeps through my room,
While I am listening to the bells,
A strange unrest is in my heart—
I'm wishing I was somewhere else.

Why need I? Everything is mine;
All 'round me are earth's beauteous things—
Its wonders in the silent rocks,
The flower that blooms, the bird that sings.

A rain-drop falls upon my hand;
I stop and look and meditate;
In it I see a tumbling stream,
Where silent mountains grimly wait.
I see the lakelet in the wood,
And rushing rivers, deep and wide.
I travel far and I behold
The restless ocean's mighty tide.

A mossy rock lies in my path;
I pause and look, and far away
I see the mighty peaks arise
Whose gorges dim the light of day.
I look upon a little shrub
Which brushes me as I pass by—
A forest stretches far away,
Whose branches hide the vaulted sky.

I feel the silence of the wood,
And listen to the breezes play
Among the singing leaves above
While I go through its shadowy way.

On yonder corner, standing there,
I see a man—one man alone—
And mighty cities far away
Before me rise from zone to zone.
And seeing one I see them all,
With tower and spire and streets athrong,
With din and roar and rush and strife,
Men, men astir the whole day long.

I pluck a meek forget-me-not,
Which blooms beside my pathway fair,
And gazing in its tender eye
See Paradise with verdure rare.
I smell the orange groves afar—
The palms upon a thousand hills;
Earth's every song and scene are mine,
Each rising view my being thrills.

I've wandered over all the earth,
And listening to the ringing bells,
I'm sitting in my room tonight
Still wishing I was somewhere else.

CONTENT.

What a sweet, sweet world is this old world,
 When it blossoms out in spring;
When the busy bees are humming
 And the birds begin to sing.

What a bright, bright world is this old world,
 When summer has come to stay,
And the cornfields whisper, the trees laugh,
 And the sun shines every day.

What a rich, rich world is this old world
 When the autumn days are here,
When the barns and bins and cribs are full
 And the orchards yield their cheer.

What a kind, kind world is this old world
 In the fireside's cheerful glow,
When the earth in peaceful quiet rests,
 Wrapped in its cloak of snow.

A PEACE CONVENTION.

Bill Skids lived on a western range,
A cattle lord was he;
He rode the swiftest cayuse
You would have a chance to see.

His lariat and gun were true;
He didn't fear a thing
Of men or beasts or birds or snakes
The country round could bring.

He rounded up, as free as air,
A township, more or less;
None interfered or crossed his path,
Or dared a tax assess.

Upon his swift cayuse Bill rode
Across the plain one day,
When suddenly a barb-wire fence
He spied across his way.

Bill stood aghast that any dare
Encroach on his domain;
Then swore the builder of the fence
With gore the grass should stain.

But Farmer Binks, who built the fence,
Had come to stay, he said;
And said if Bill could swear things blue
That he could make things red.

One day the cowboys came along
To cut the farmer's fence—
They carried home a man or two—
Thus did the war commence.

Next at the farmer's hired man
Our William took a shot;
Then back and forth the farmers
And cattle herders fought,
Until, at last, no one was left
But Bill and Binks to fight,
When gentle Parson Jones stepped in
And tried to set things right.

Bill told the parson that as sure
As William was his name
He'd have the scalp of Farmer Binks,
Or Binks would have his same.

Then Binks the parson interviewed,
With little more success,
To try and fetch about a truce
And straighten out the mess.

At last the parson's wish prevailed,
And him the men to please,
Agreed to have a meeting
And try and patch up peace.

So long-haired Bill and sturdy Binks
They wandered in one day
And at the table stationed each
In a suspicious way.

The parson beamed with pure delight
To think that peace had won,
Although there'd been no shaking hands
Or even smiling done.

And back and forth he smiling passed
Between the frowning men,
Until, when coming through the door,
He looked at both, and then
He saw, beneath Bill's coat tails,
Two shining pistol butts;
And bulged from Binks' hip pockets,
As slow the door he shuts,
He sees two Smith & Wessons glint
Before his startled eyes,
And sorrow flits across his face,
No matter how he tries.

With ardor cooled, the preacher talks
Of quietude and peace,
Until he talks himself quite out,
And still has failed to please.

At last the meeting is adjourned,
The parson mentions, grave:
"Hip pockets loaded down with guns
Are not the things to have
When 'peace conventions' meet to try
And straighten out affairs."
And then the men backed frowning out
And left him to his cares.

OUR STEPS.

Prov. 16:9.

Where flowers and birds and waving trees
Shall all our joyous senses please—
All buoyant-hearted, we devise
Our earthly way, *through* Paradise.
O'er deserts drear and mountains high,
Which all our weary senses try,
God shapes our steps, to our surprise,
Which end at last *in* Paradise.

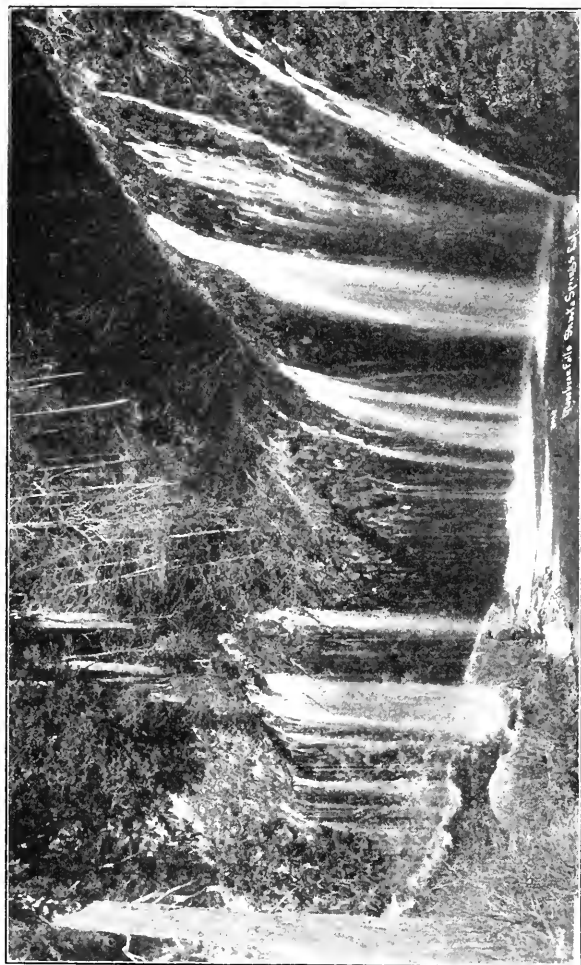
THE MILL STARTS UP.

The somber clouds have cleared away, and brighter days
have come,
And mother, singing, goes about our humble little home.
On father's oft-times troubled face a smile begins to play,
The whole house is more cheerful now—the mill starts
up today.

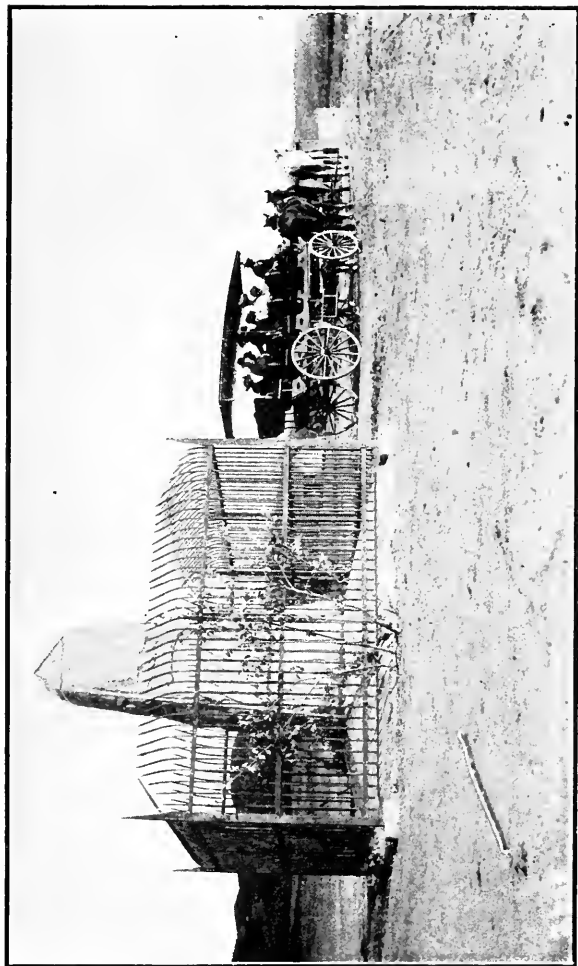
Now mother dear can have the dress she's needed, oh, so
long,
And brother Dick a pair of shoes and stockings good and
strong;
And father he can go to church, and need not stay away
Because a shabby coat he wears—the mill starts up today.

The coal bin now will be filled up as full as it can pack,
We'll never need go picking up along the railroad track.
The children with their books will have a little time to
play
Life will look brighter now for them—the mill starts up
today.

The winter does not look so fierce, nor make us shiver so
Since pa and Will can be at work while frosty breezes
blow;
So we will thank the Lord, so good, for blessings when
we pray—
For hope for everybody, when the mill starts up today.



MOSS BRAE FALLS, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.



UNCLE SAM'S SOUTHWEST CORNER.



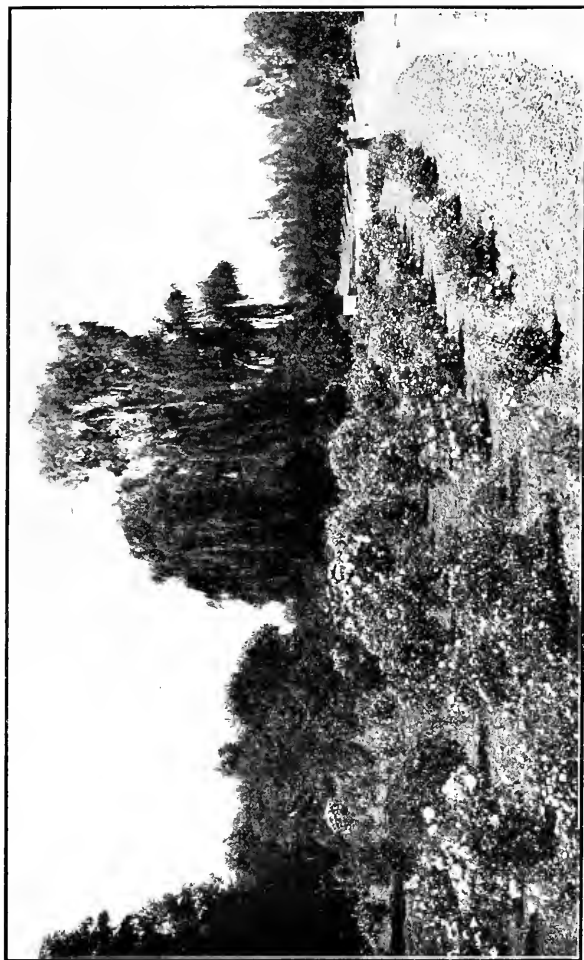
HATS OFF AT THE GIANT'S FEET.



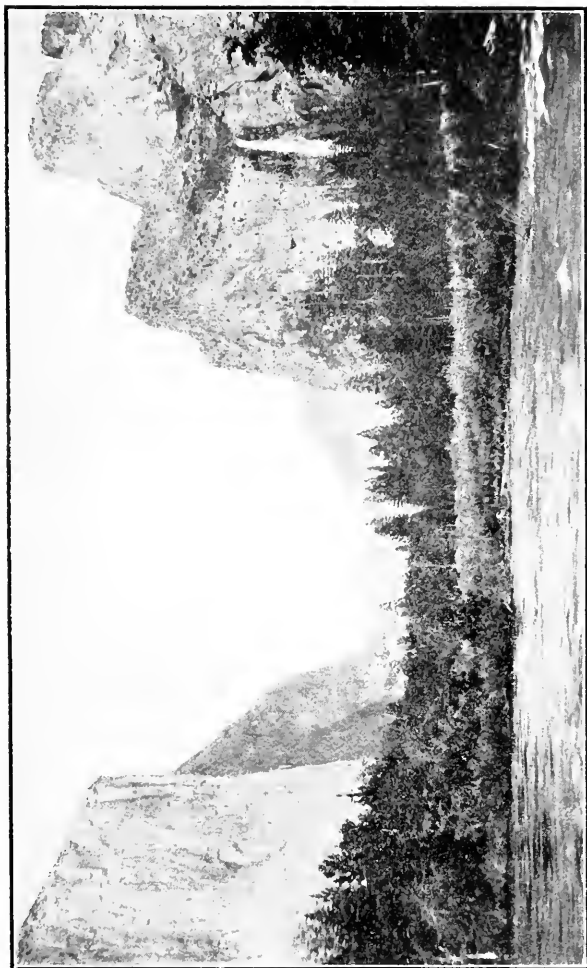
BULLFROG LAKE, FRESNO, CO., CAL.

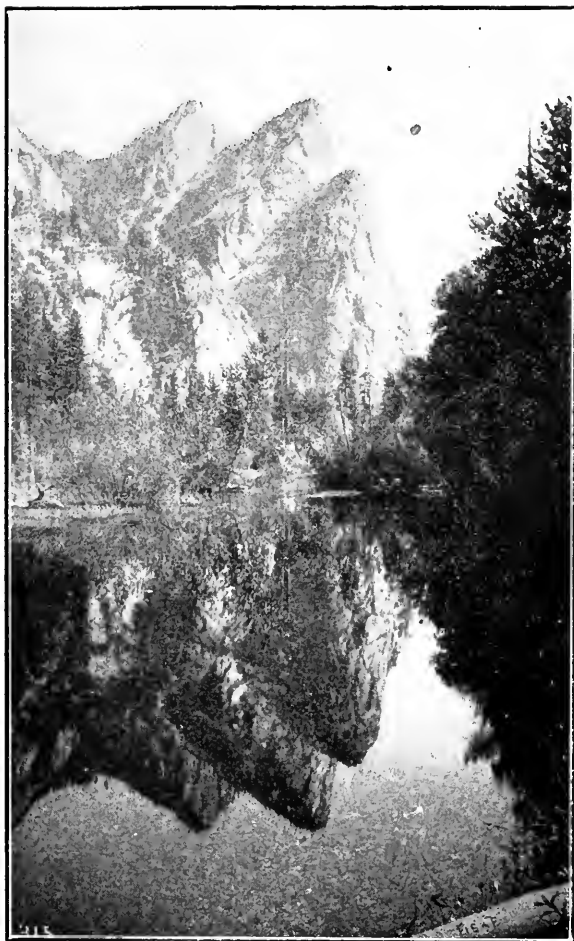


IN THE YOSEMITE.



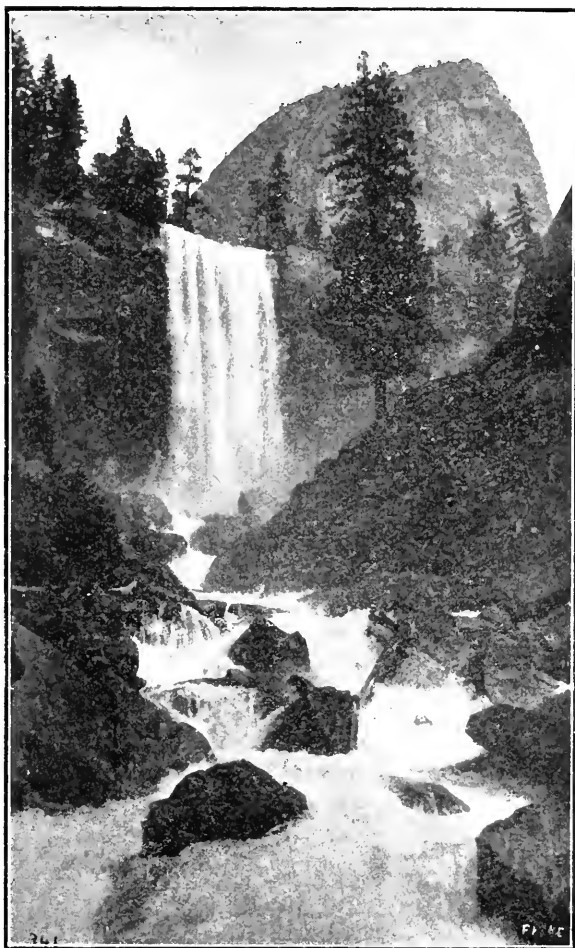
ROSE GARDEN, KEARNY PARK, FRESNO, CAL.





THE GIANT'S SHADOWS, IN THE YOSEMITE.

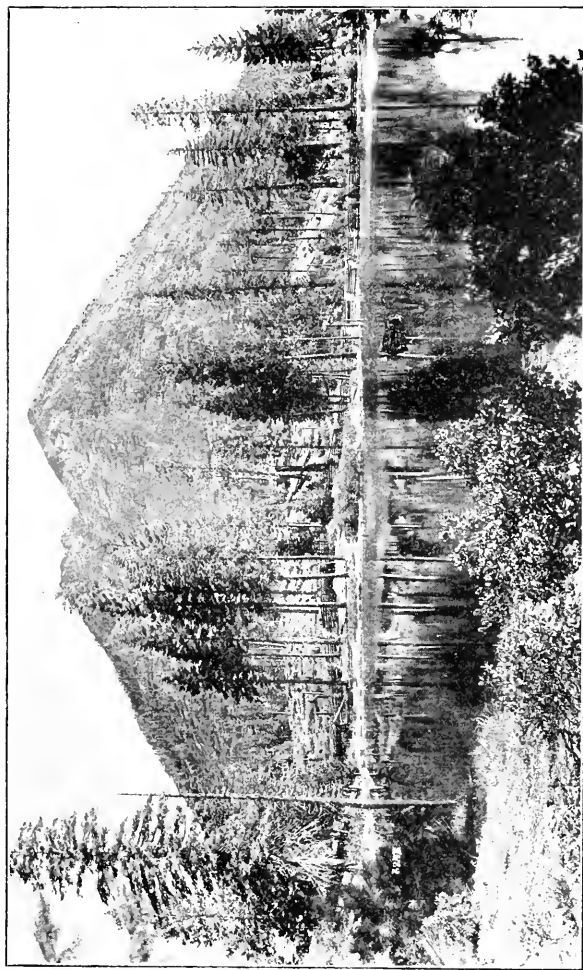




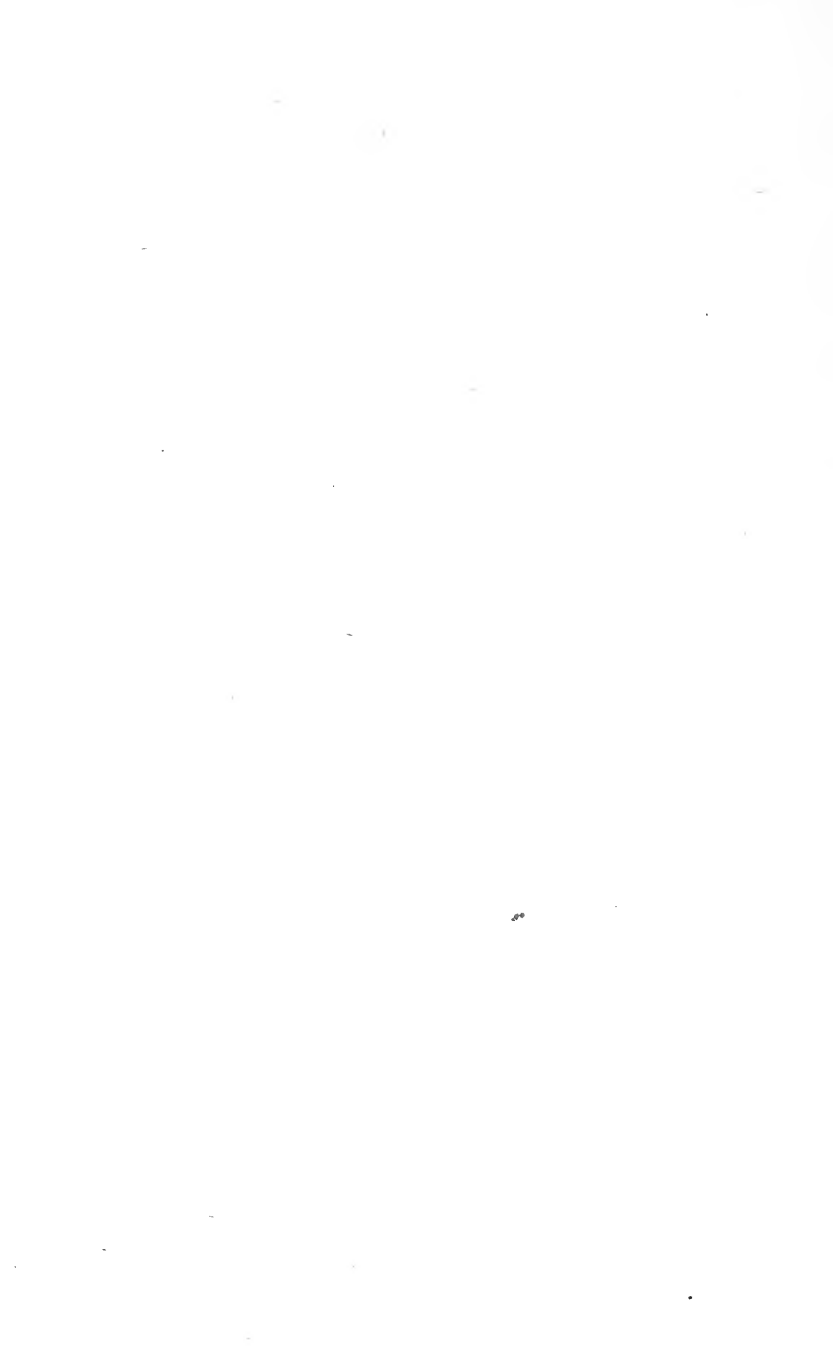
VERNAL FALLS.

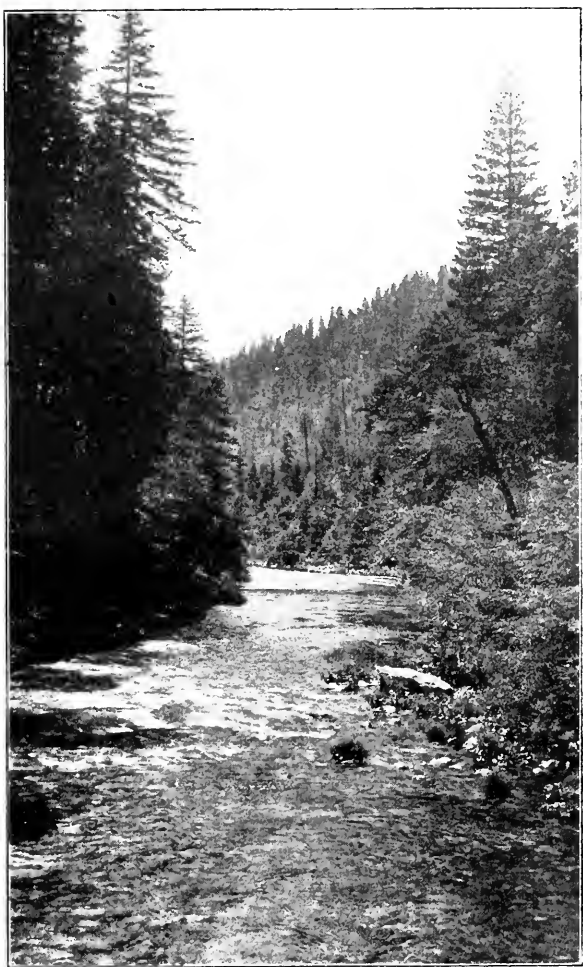


FRESNO PARK SCENE.

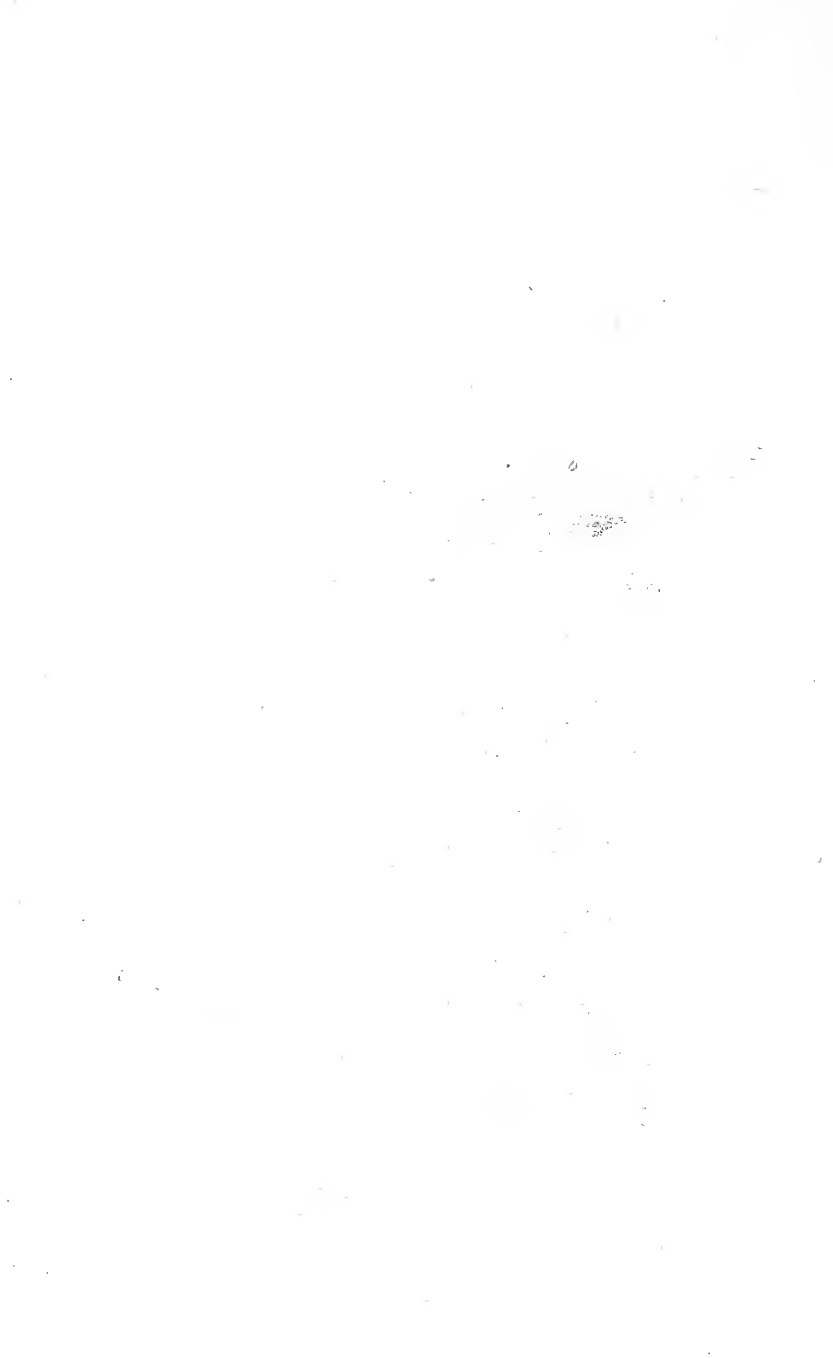


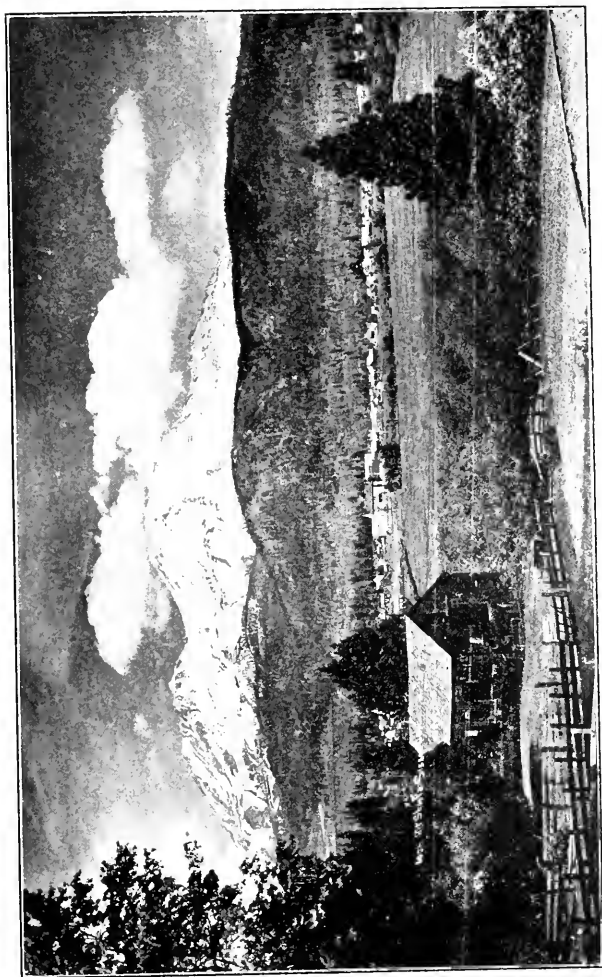
BLACK BUTTE, STEWART'S LAKE, CAL.





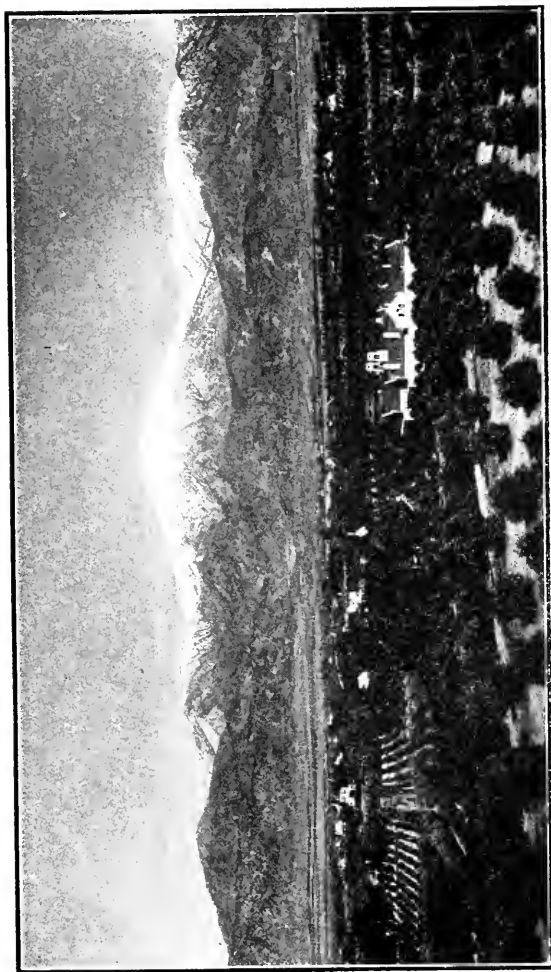
THE RIVER'S CHILDHOOD



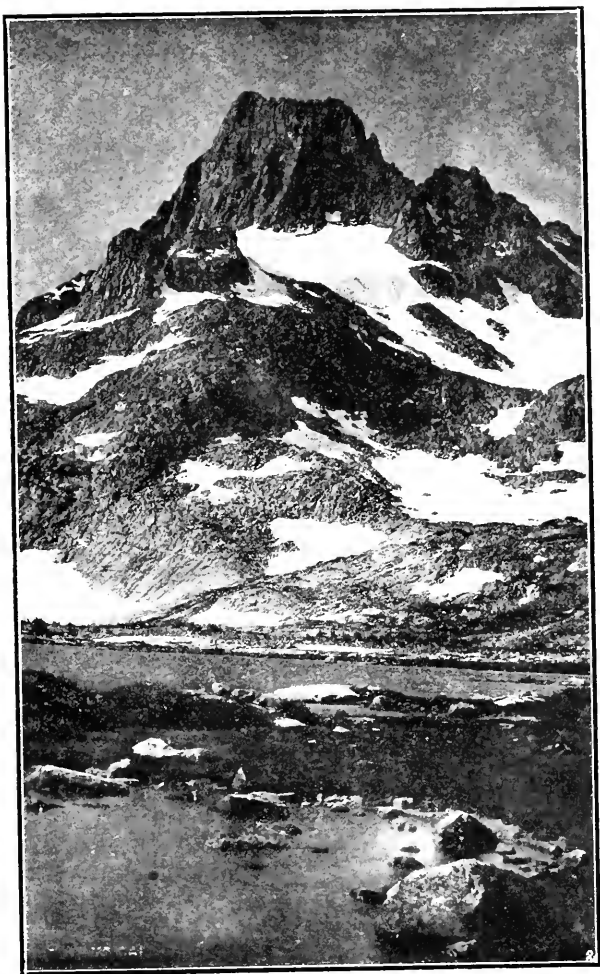


MT. SHASTA.



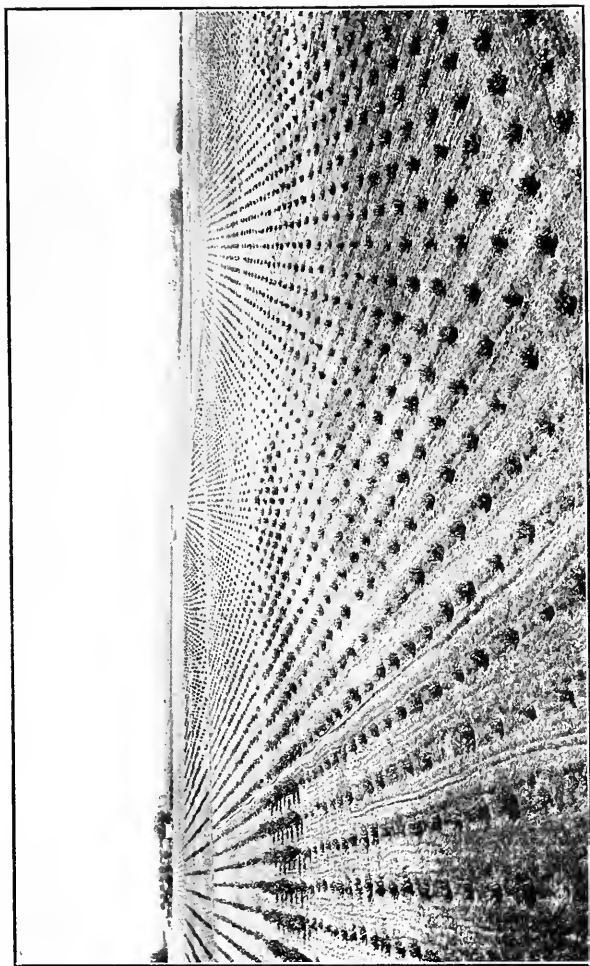


THE ORANGE GROVES AND THE SAN GABRIELS.



BANNER PEAK, CALIFORNIA.





WHERE THE PURPLE GRAPE SHINES IN THE SUN.

THE CROSS IN THE STREET.

'Twas a daughter of the King
Standing on the street to sing;
With His Spirit in her face,
And with holy virgin grace
She the sweet old story told
Of the Shepherd and the fold.

Dressed in blue with bonnet plain,
She the Way did there explain
To the noisy lookers on,
Who with jeerings now begun;
Then with missiles all defiled
They assailed her while she smiled;
Smeared her saintly form and face,
While she prayed for Jesus' grace,
And a blessing begged for them—
That they, too, might come to Him,
Who would cleanse their hearts from sin,
And their lives and service win—
Give them love instead of hate,
And avert an awful fate.

While she looked up into heaven,
Praying they might be forgiven,
From the crowd a stranger stepped—
In his heart he silent wept
That a daughter of the King

Must needs suffer such a thing,
While she harbored only love
From the Father up above,
For the ones with sin so wild,
Who assailed her while she smiled.

To her side the stranger stepped,
Tears of pity there he wept,
And with his silk handkerchief
Wiped away for her relief
All the stains upon her face,
Feeling there the Master's grace;
Stepping thus into the Way,
Leading to eternal day,
Soon received eternal life,
And all freedom from the strife
Which assails the human heart,
While from God it is apart.

Thus from persecution grew
In one soul salvation true;
Thus the Master's work is done,
Till the coming of the Son,
When the saints who march the street
Shall rejoice at Jesus' feet,
And with him his reign enjoy
Free from bitter sin's alloy.

San Francisco, 1885.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

You say she's wrinkled, old and gray,
And childish, cross and plain,—
Forgetful of the things that passed an hour ago,
To hear it gives my heart a solemn pain.
That she forgets the names of friends,
And asks with childish smile of things
Which happened her but moments since,
Of which, still on the air her merry laughter rings.

And so I need expect to see no more
The one I knew in years gone by.
The weaving grace has left her willowy form,
The clouds of age now dim her sparkling eye,
And questions now upon a thousand things
She asks, and then forgetting, asks again,
And goes about from room to room,
And tells demurely things which she has never seen.

I would not see the battered house
Of what was once so fair—
In form, in feature and in blooming mind—
To rob me of the memory of one so rare.
'Twere better far, the distant view of beauty's charms,
Than see the wreck relentless Time—
With pity seared and heart grown cold—
Has worked upon her form in solemn rhyme.

But memory views the woman blithe
Of thirty, as handsome as e'er seen—
With curving neck, as graceful as a swan's,
And head held proud as any queen;
With swaying form, like slender willow;
A face above speaking of treasures rare;
Eye like a sparkling mountain brook;
Tresses of shining ebon hair.

Sought then by friends unnumbered,
Her intellect and beauty ruled supreme;
And men—the best in all the land—
Linked with her future their vain dream;
And women gathered round her,
That by chance they might inoculate
Some essence, from her blest presence,
That might less favored caskets permeate.

Still there it is, a soul gone wool gathering,
To never more return, until that day,
When clothed again in habiliments of youth,
Clouds swept from off the sky away,
It stands before the Judge,
And taking on its prime,
Appears again restored, in beauteous strength,
Beyond the walls of time.

A MANTLE.

To Hide Feelings.

Miss Feelings a beautiful mantle craved
To hide her from the gaze
Of people who often saw in her form
Things which they could not praise.

She first sought out the weaver Deceit,
Who boasted wonderful skill,
And agreed without a moment's delay
The miss's order to fill.

The mantle was bought, it was fair to see,
The price was blushes and fears,
But it seemed to screen from the prying gaze,
And protect from showers of tears.

But the days flew by—they were very few
Till the robe in tatters hung,
And Miss Feelings' unlovely form was the theme
Of many a busy tongue.

It was then she knew, with sad regret,
That Deceit was a weaver vain,
And among the cunning woofs and warps
For a mantle she sought again.

At last she found the weaver Love,
Who wove her a modest robe,
And never through it could the prying eye
Down into her secrets probe.

The mantle which Love for Miss Feelings wove
By wearing grew more strong,
And when she felt its comforting folds
There sprung to her heart a song.

She said, while she smiled at all about,
"No mantles are quite so fine
As those which the weaver Love can weave
Who knitted this robe of mine."

None ever thought, as they looked at her,
That under her mantle of love
Miss Feelings might carry the marks of pain,
For her robe was prepared above.



AN IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN.

A uniform was naught to her,
Heroes of war but murderers.
She heard unmoved the trumpet's blare,
Frowned with contempt when marching by
The troops received the loud acclaims
Of women with a weaker poise.

When flowers were heaped with lavish hand
By maids upon returning troops,
She rather would adhere to one
Who never shed a foeman's blood,
Declaring she had no esteem
For men who chose the bloody trade
Of war, and sought to gain renown
By doing that for which men hang.

This woman boldly stemmed the flood
Of maudlin sentiment for "the brave,"
And censorious openly affirmed
That woman caudled war
Because of her vain love of show,
And that a knave in uniform
Was more set by in many eyes
Than true and honest worth.

So long as woman caudled up
And petted epaulets and spurs,
And worshiped brass and plumes
And lauded open murder,
The cannon's roar would sound,
The searching bullets sing,
And poets rant and rave,
And war, the last resort
Of craven mercenaries, rage.
When woman gives a proper estimate
To brazen flaunting crime,
And scorns the perpetrators of it,
The bugle blast will change
To worthy hymns of peace,
And war drums beat to blows of honest toil.

Such sentiments this woman taught,
And lived them, too, as well ;
And turned her back upon
The tawdry furniture of heroes,
While her fellows puled about
The minions of the sword
She stood, a fair protest
Against the bloody trade of war.

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

I've been to the old place today,
Where we lived so many years—
Where we laughed our merriest laughter,
And shed our bitterest tears.

I wandered out among the weeds,
Where we planted in the spring,
And gathered in the autumn,
Increase from everything.

I sat in your old chair, wife,
The one you loved the best,
In which, when tired at evening,
You used to sit and rest.

The old spring's covered up with weeds,
I could not get a drink;
But sat me down upon the bank
Beside it there to think.

The path down which the children trooped
To meet me when I came
Is hid 'neath drooping grasses wet,
And does not look the same.

The birds and mice have taken charge
Of the old house and shed,
And nothing but the legs and slats
Are left of the high bed.

The old long cedar table,
 'Round which we used to meet,
Is covered over with blue mold,
 And nothing there to eat.

The chairs, all lonely sit arow
 Along the old log walls,
Upon their home-made backs and seats
 Askance a sunbeam falls.

The cradle sits beside the door,
 A waist hangs on its rail;
I cannot hear, though listening hard,
 A little one's sweet wail.

The orchard grows among the weeds,
 With briar and bramble filled;
And birds and rabbits roam about
 The grounds we often tilled.

The old home place calls up the years
 Of toil and hope gone by,
When prospects of the coming day
 Encouraged you and I.

The lake in quiet beauty lies
 Among the forest green,
Just as it did in those old years
 When we came on the scene.

A few more dwellings round it sit
And mirror in its face;
The waters sparkle just as bright,
And you would know the place.

But turn away I must and move
Among the rushing throng;
Such quiet scenes and memories sweet—
They cannot keep me long.

Good-bye, old place, I'll come again,
And drink your quiet in,
And breathe your restful solitude,
Where comes no taint of sin.



SHE.

I dreamed for her a life more fair
Than sunshine dancing in her hair.
And I *shall* see it in her eyes—
It *shall* come true in Paradise.

A BOOK.

Words and paper and cloth and thread,
And perhaps a touch of glue—
A little gold to adorn a name,
And that is a book to you.

But a book to me, my patient friend,
Is a thousand things unsaid—
Of sentiment and toil and care,
And never can be read.

A book is a troubled sleepless couch,
Whose pillows are filled with thoughts,
Which tramp, like a restless army in,
To the waking mind unsought.

A book is a form in blankets wrapped,
Who at the dead of night
Impales a dream on a pencil point
To a sheet of paper white.

A book is a walk through the silent streets,
While her fellows puled about
And the moon wades muffled through the sky,
And the stars their watches keep.

The book's words are the footprint marks
Of a restless spirit's feet—
From out the soul of a weeping pen
To the page of the snowy sheet.

Paper, and cloth, and words and thread
Are the things that you can see
Of the book, which in a silent voice
Calls a thousand forms to me.

A book is all, all, all to me,
And more than I can tell—
A shattered chain, a crumbling wall,
Which held a soul in spell,

Until a rescuing trio came,
And Thought and Hand and Pen
Set free from the prison house the soul
To sing its song to men.



INSPIRATION.

Of all things in this strange world a mortal to surprise
A poet's inspiration is the queerest in my eyes.
As frequently as any way it is not he who writes
When sonatas and symphonies adorn his stilly nights.
A strong cigar or glass of wine's as like to draw him out,
Or a mince pie or oyster stew may put fair sleep to rout,
And then the poet can't be held accountable at all
For rhymes or poems strange or sweet which from his pencil fall.

This one about the lily a cup of coffee penned ;
I'm sure that when he drank the stuff he never did intend
To scramble from his bed and write a poem great or small,
But after he had swallowed it he could not sleep at all ;
His nerves were dancing while he tossed and tried to
 wheedle sleep,
And from the realms of fancy's flight his mind he could
 not keep ;
So creeping from his restless couch, without a thought of
 clothes,
He wrote on this, while, lo, the air wrote pink upon his
 nose.

This song so sweet of gentle spring, and flowers and vine
 and rock,

Was written by some pork and beans he ate at twelve
o'clock.

It was a slice of sausage moved his body, mind and hand,
When he—its humble instrument—this witching fabric
planned

Upon the butterfly, and bee, and birds of paradise,
Which floated in his mind because he couldn't close his
eyes.

A plate of doughnuts, fruit or cake borne to the poet's bed
May through his stomach cultivate communion with his
head,

And thus the pastry cook or chef with wooing wares, it
seems,

May furnish inspiration for the poet's wakeful dreams,
Which penning, while in misery his appetite he rues,
Are, by the world, accredited to visits of the muse.

NATURE'S ADORNMENTS.

Clouds but add glory to the landscape of the sky.
Rain is but tear drops from fair Nature's eye,
(She sheds because her fretful children cry)
The lightning but blushes, and the wind a sigh.

Flowers are but jewels to adorn the seasons fair.
Bright Spring wears pearls among her shining hair.
Crimson and sapphire deck the Summer rare,
While Autumn and Winter gold and diamonds wear.

THE WORST TROUBLES.

They say that all lives of trouble are full,
And I partly believe it is true,
For we fret for the things we haven't done,
As well as the things we do.
Some worry for health and some for wealth
And some for honor and fame,
But most of the troubles I ever had
Were troubles that never came.

Listen, my son, I once was young,
But now I am old and gray;
Most of my life is past and gone,
And I have seen my day.
I once was strong, and frisky, and spry,
But now I am stiff and lame;
But most of the troubles I ever had
Were troubles that never came.

To hold our own in the struggling world
Our life is a constant fight;
Some strive all the day reputation to keep,
And walk the floor half the night.
We worry about our expenses and debts,
And fear for our treasured good name,
But most of the troubles I ever had
Were troubles that never came.

If we till the soil we fear it will rain,
Or drough will the crops destroy;
Or an early frost, or a late, may be,
Will blight our expected joy.
Of ratings and profits and losses,
In business we worry the same,
But most of the troubles I ever had
Were troubles that never came.

So my advice, my son, to you—
For I haven't got long to stay—
Is to never cross a shaky bridge
Before you pass that way.
Don't fret about the losses and gains,
Before you get in the game;
For most of the troubles I ever had
Were troubles that never came.



“POLLY SUNBEAM.”

“My name is Polly Sunbeam;
My papa calls me that;
I’m out to take an airing,
And this is my new hat.

“My name is Polly Sunbeam,
My dollie’s name is Grace;
She used to be quite pretty
Before I washed her face,
But now she’s old and fady—
Same as a wilted rose,
For that is what my papa says,
And I just guess he knows.

“My papa he gets funny,
And mamma washed his face
When she was washing dishes;
I tell you he’s a case.

“What I got in this paper?
I bet you couldn’t guess.
I bought it for a penny
Where I got dollie’s dress.

“Yes, my name is Polly Sunbeam,
But I must go along,
Or mamma’ll think I’m losted,
And then there’ll be a song.

Good-bye! Just come and see us,
Tomorrow if you can,
And bring your wife and babies.”
Then down the street she ran.

Nooksack, Washington.

IT.

You’re never it.
No matter how your own importance seems,
Or how self admiration fills your waking dreams,
You’re never it.

You’re never it.
Though your whole being with conceit’s instilled,
If you step out your place will soon be filled;
You’re never it.

DON'T WHINE.

Don't whine, my boy,
But smile, no matter how things go,
A whine will never dry the rain or drive away the snow.
Don't whine.

Don't whine, my boy,
Success may come next time to you,
If you but keep on striving and be true.
Don't whine.

Don't whine, my boy,
The world will never stop to sympathize,
But it will cheer the man who smiles and tries.
Don't whine.

Don't whine, my boy,
The world may pity in disgust
The whiner, but will never trust.
Don't whine.

Don't whine, my boy,
Keep self-respect until the battle's done;
No matter how it goes, one victory will be won.
Don't whine.

I forget the dark clouds when I look in her face,
So bright is her smile and so charming her grace.

WHEAT FIELDS.

Did you ever see the wheat fields
In the beauty of the spring,
When the field-fair and the meadow lark
Sit on the fence and sing?
When the tar weed shows the color
Of the gold beneath the soil,
Waiting to yield up its treasure
To the sturdy farmer's toil?

Did you ever hear the shining steel
Go whispering through the ground
As it turned the summer fallow
With a rich and mellow sound?

Did you ever see the wheat fields
Shining in the summer sun,
Like quivering burnished lakes of gold,
Ere the harvest had begun?
Then when moiling clattering reapers
Sailing 'round these lakes of gold
Gathered from their crested wavelets
Into store a wealth untold?

If you never saw the wheat fields
Painted with the brush of spring,
Nor the gilding of the summer,
Nor the harvest reaper's ring,

You have failed to see God's bounty
In an aspect fair and grand,
As e'er beheld by mortal eye
In any clime or land;
And a journey to the wheat fields
Will in pleasure full repay,
If you wander where they glimmer
On some fair and favored day.
Ione, Oregon.



WHATSOEVER.

Phil. 4:8.

Whatsoever things are true,
 Whatsoever things are just,
Whatsoever honorable—
 Are the things we have in trust.
Whatsoever things are pure,
 Whatsoever lovely are,
Things that are of good report,
 Be they near or be they far:
Virtue, praise and such as they,
 Our attention should employ.
Peaceful we may think on these,
 Without rancor's sad alloy.

MICHAL.

A meadow without a flower,
A grove without a bird,
A lake without a sail,
A river without water,
A desert,
A salty sea,
A Hebrew wife whose breasts
Have not been pressed
By infant lips.

For but one little laugh
This bitter cup must quaff,
So Michal mourns with thee,
Oh, Jephtha's daughter!

Oh, had I wept instead of laughed
That day the ark came in
I had not paid this penalty
For flippant sin.
But now, Oh, Jephtha's daughter,
Your fate was heaven, but mine—
A childless virgin you—
Israel's daughters mourned with thee,
But I, a childless wife—
Woe, woe is me.
None pity, none bewail

That Michal's hope is gone,
And no Deliverer may come
From her in future days
(Jehovah said it)
To call her memory blessed.
Her breast may never throb
By infant hands caressed,
And Michal mourns alone.



GLAD.

"Corook, coroo!" said Mr. Frog,
"I'm glad I'm not a pollywog;
I couldn't be content, I know,
To stay down in the water so.

"Caw!" said the crow, "but this is fine—
On this fat frog I'll surely dine."
He carried Mr. Frog away,
For dinner in his nest that day.

"Kereep, keree!" said Pollywog,
"I'm very glad I'm not a frog;
I'm sure I'd dizzy-headed be,
If I should fly as high as he."

THE PROFESSOR OF LABOR.

The professor of labor he labors,
But not with hoe, hammer or saw;
In winter and summer and autumn and spring
He toils with his flexible jaw.

Sometimes in a temple of labor,
Sometimes on a box in the street,
This professor gives out dissertations
On logs, locomotives or wheat.

From Boston to Frisco and Baltimore back
To Seattle and Puget Sound,
He shouts for his caste on the quivering blast
And bellows and paws up the ground.

He's afraid the producer will suffer—
His product is mostly hot air,
But his dupes with their vanity tickled
Their substance with him gladly share.

The professor of labor he labors,
And waxes e'er fat at his toil,
While the cords of his throat grow athletic,
But his hands never damaged with soil.

He cultivates class with soundings of brass,
And chatters of grievances sore.
He heralds beliefs and weeps over griefs
Which men never thought of before.

So we'll give him a place with the suffering race,
His penchant for talk patronize,
Till the gas he contains expands in his brains
And bears him away to the skies.

WATER.

What art thou,
Thou limpid something
That cools men's lips—
That makes the earth a bower
Where grew no flower?

* * *

THE DEW.

A quiet moment and a sympathetic thought,
The swelling bosom and deep emotions start—
At dawn the trees, the grass, the sparkling flowers,
Show silent tears from out earth's mother heart.

* * *

THE SPRING.

Glancing at me and the trembling deer,
Nature's blue eye, the little spring,
Among the rocks, and moss and ferns,
Where the pheasants drum and the robins sing.

* * *

THE WELL.

From Nature's breast, by her children pressed
Deep from the depths below,
A liquid stream of life wells up,
With its cool, refreshing flow.

* * *

THE RAIN.

From a bending sky, from a hand on high
The rain drops grateful fall,

And the green earth thanks from fields and banks
For the rich supply for all.

* * *

THE LAKE.

The highland lake in a dreamy vale—
Born of the mountain snow;
Waiting to slake with a cooling stream
The thirsty earth below.

* * *

THE RIVER.

The streamlet feeds the river,
The river feeds the earth,
And forest, field and meadow
Clap their hands in joyful mirth.

* * *

THE OCEAN.

A sea of tears from eternal years—
The throbbing ocean wide;
And the yearning love of our Father above
Is as constant as its tide.

* * *

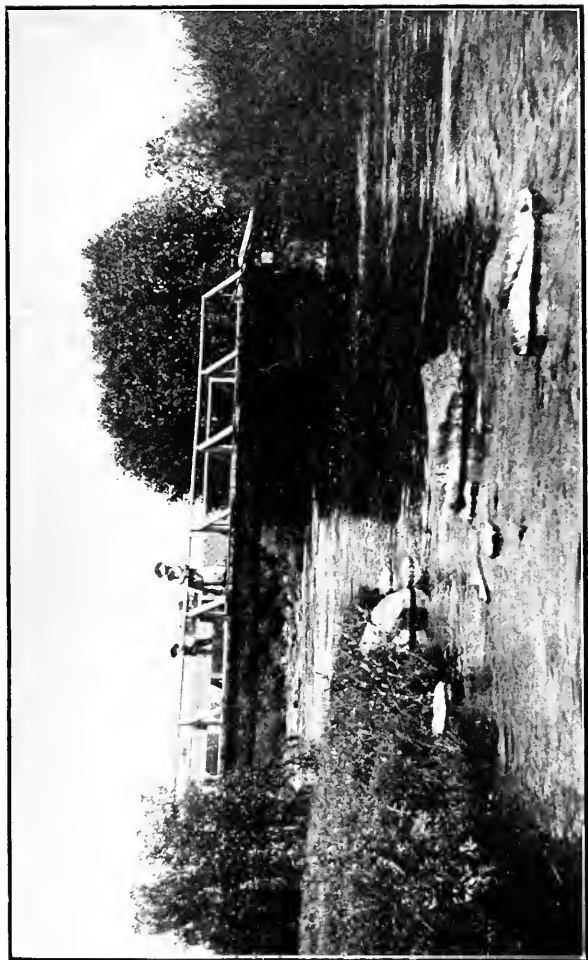
The gentle dew,
The cooling rain,
The crystal spring,
The flowing well,
The mountain lake,
The winding stream,
The ocean—
All, all are tears
Upon an Omnipotent face,
Shed for a wayward, fallen race—
In pity:
Springing from the soul of God.



A PORTLAND VISTA.



HAWTHORN SPRING.

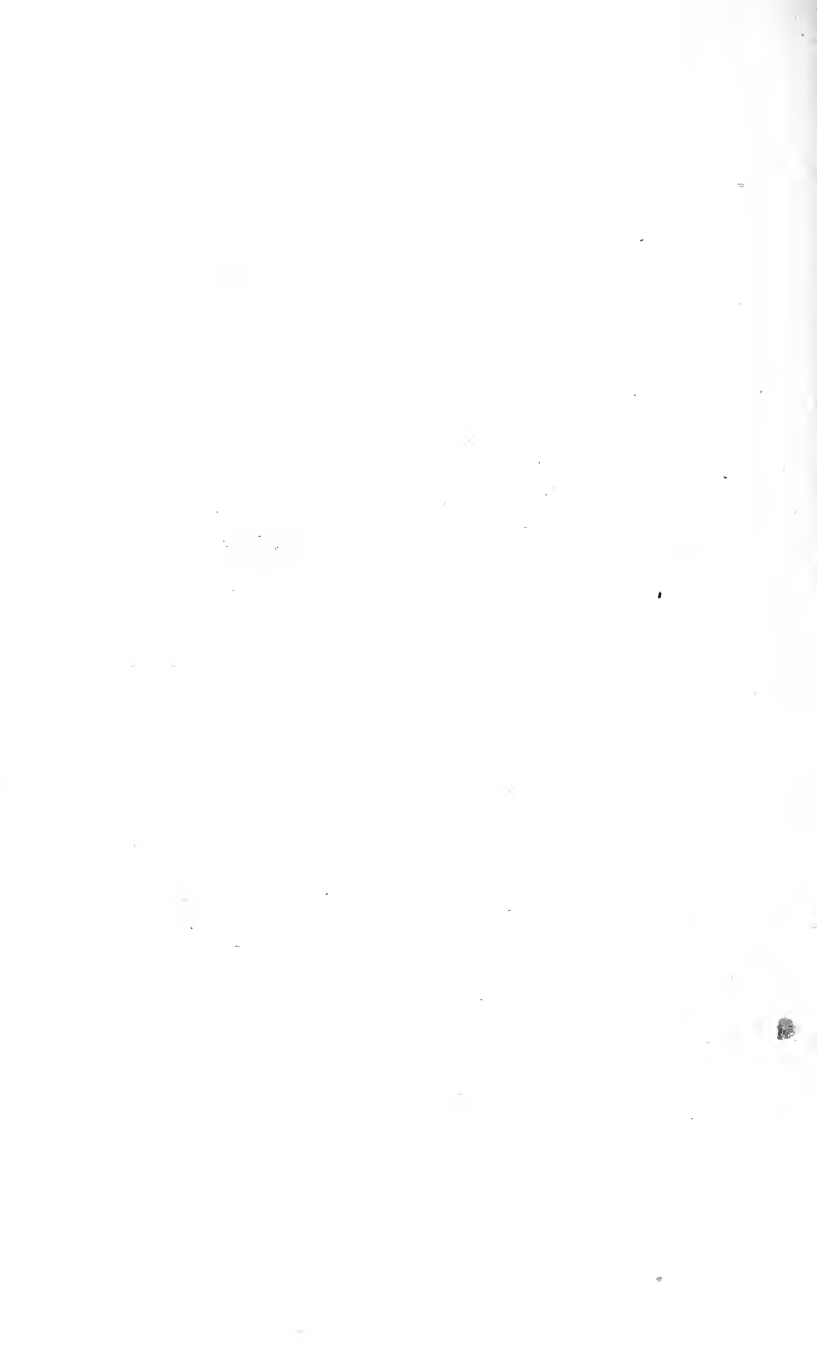


BRIDGE OVER WILLIAMSON RIVER, KLAMATH LAKE REGION.





PORTLAND CASTLE.





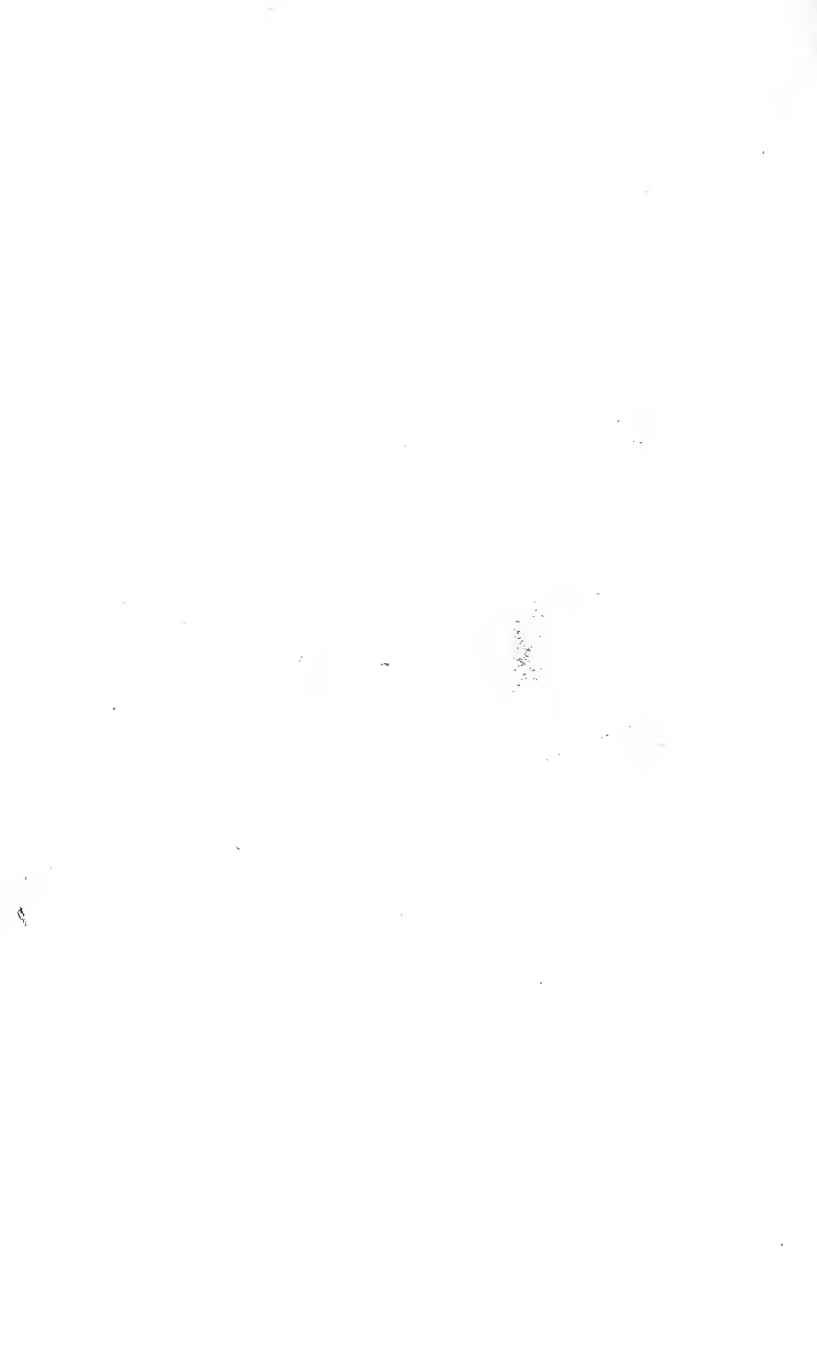
MILL CREEK FALLS, ROGUE RIVER, OREGON.

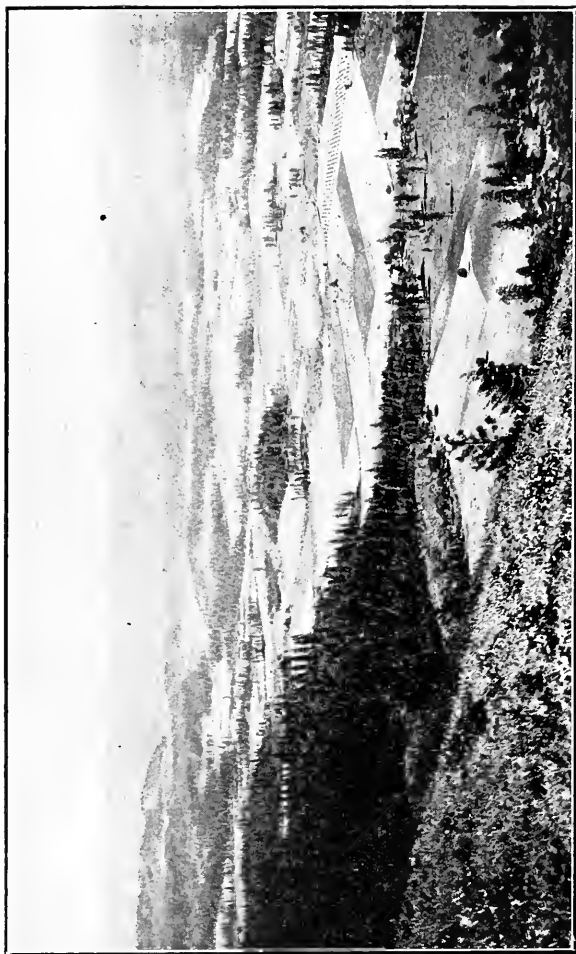


THE OLD WATER MILL.

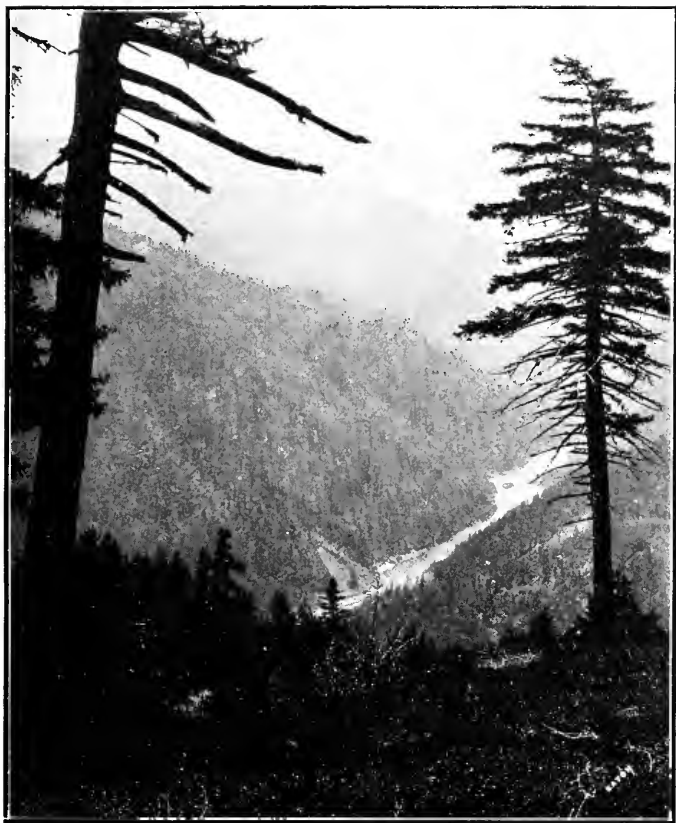


ONE OF PORTLAND'S FAVORITE DAUGHTERS.





MT. HOOD FROM HOOD RIVER VALLEY. *



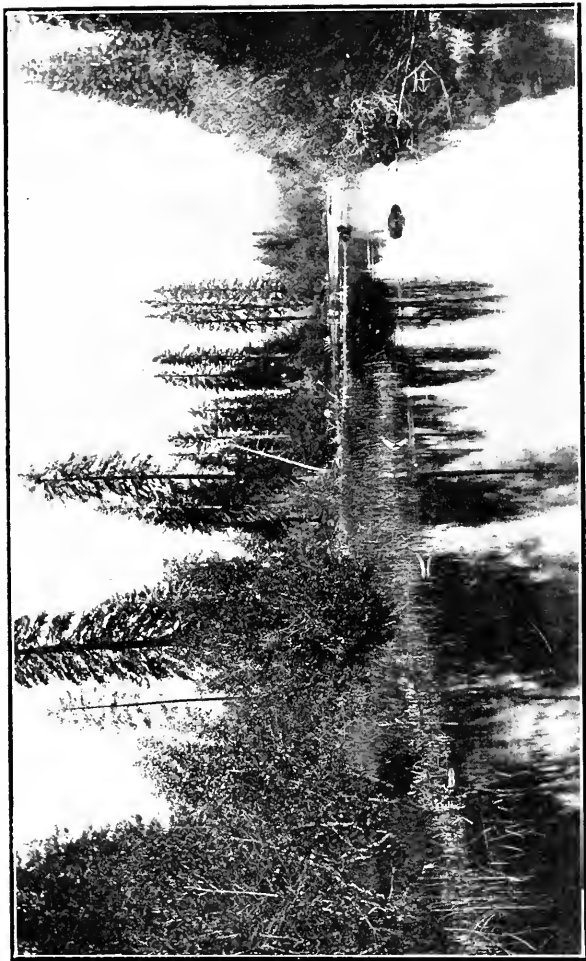
ROGUE RIVER IN THE COAST MOUNTAINS.



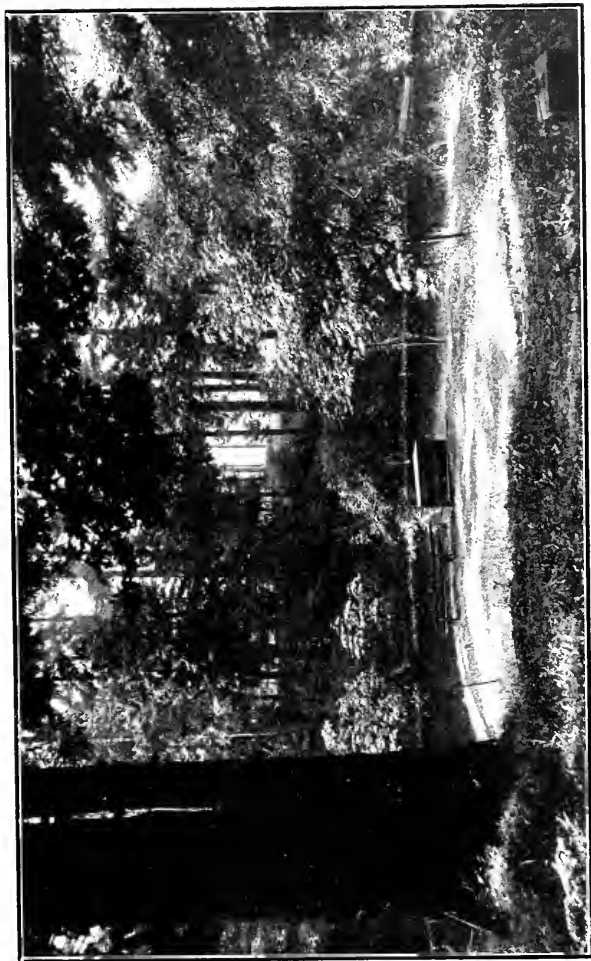
THE HEART OF PORTLAND



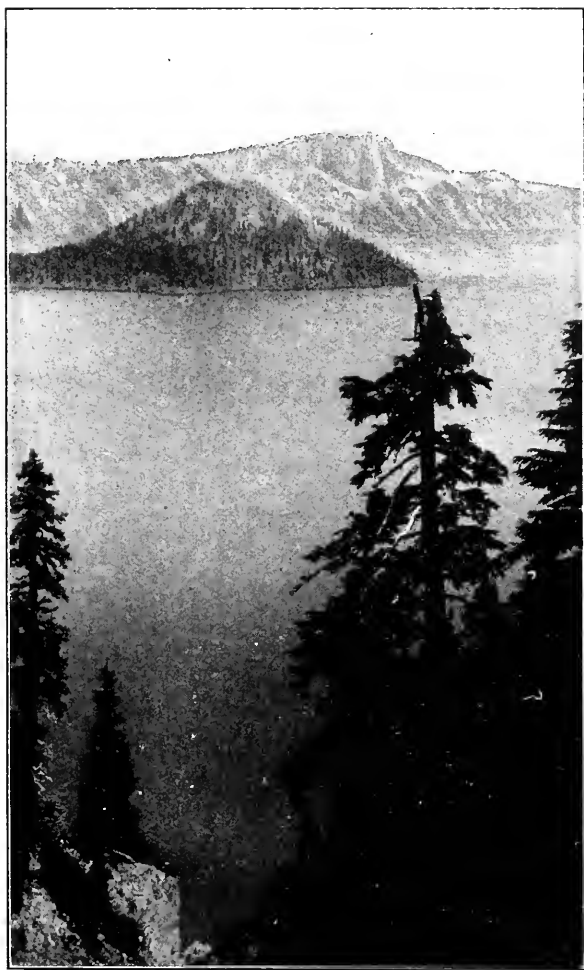
MULTNOMAH, 1000 FEET.



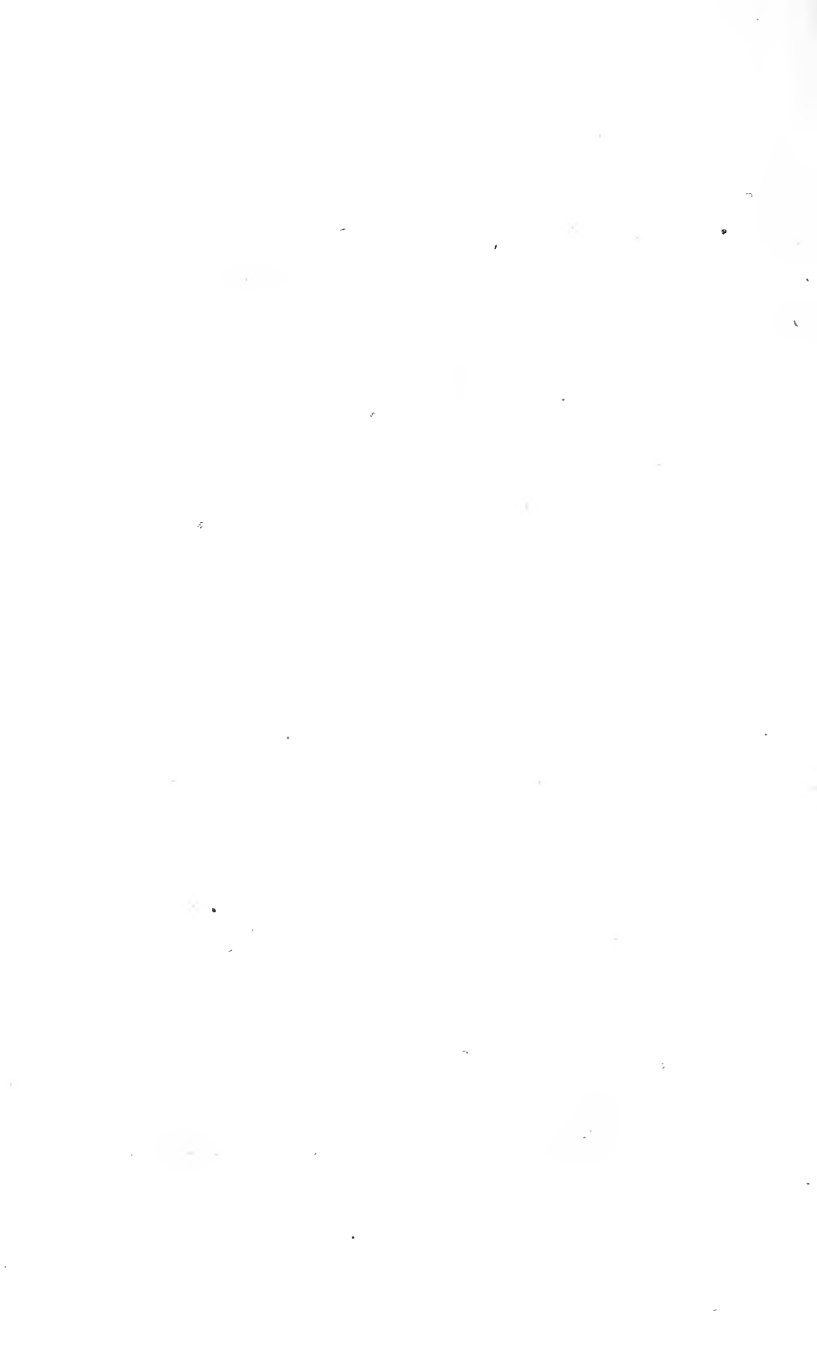
WOOD RIVER, UPPER KLAMATH VALLEY.

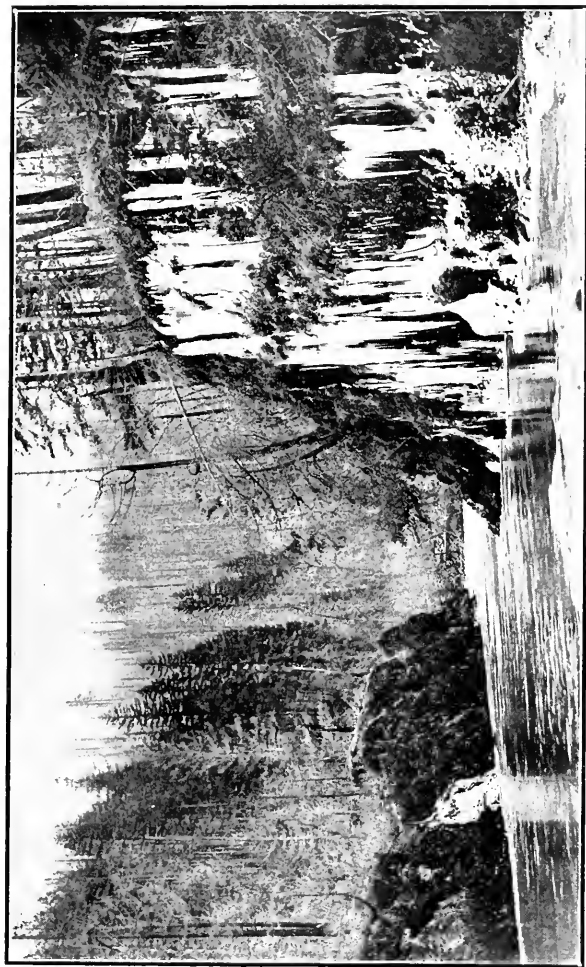


HAWTHORN PARK, PORTLAND.



CRATER LAKE.





KLACKAMAS RIVER SCENE.



INDIAN WIGWAMS.

A SCANDAL.

It is a shame, and I declare! that Sam'l doesn't know
That Mary Jane, he thinks so nice, should talk about him
so.

He all the while as innocent as any suckin' pig;
It is a pity Sam'l ain't as smart as he is big.

Still Samuel is mighty good and someone ought to tell
How Mary Jane's a treatin' him, but no one ever will.
Why, don't you know? Why, I thought you and every-
body did;

It comes right from her mother, and must be what she
said.

She said, last Sunday night, they say—he saw her home
from meet'n—

That he's the only man in town that she would wipe her
feet on.

It is a scandal now I say is what I think of that.

To think that Mary Jane would use Sam Briggs for a
door mat.

INCONSISTENCY.

The man who wants to preach worst way
He cannot preach at all,
And the man who doesn't want to preach
Could talk from spring till fall.

The man who fain would practice law,
And so uplift his race;
He inks the edges of his coat
And never gets a case.

The man who wants to doctor folks
Can't cure a single thing;
The one who doesn't care for drugs
Can make you laugh and sing.

The man who wants to do in oil
Great pictures rich and rare,
He has to label all his work
So we'll know what they are.

The man who wants to write a book
A story cannot tell;
The one who doesn't care to write
Can interest you well.

The man who would a statesman be,
And may be president,
Can't make a speech to save his life,
Nor reason worth a cent.

The preacher wants to till the soil,
The farmer wants to preach;
The teacher wants to shove the plane,
The carpenter to teach;
The tailor wants to practice law,
The lawyer slide the goose;
The engineer to make the laws,
The cobbler print the news.
And so the world goes struggling on,
Ambition ruling all;
Success coming alone to those
Who listen to their call.



PARADISE.

Oh, Paradise! sweet Paradise,
When shall I rest my weary eyes?
On thy green fields and glowing skies
Where pain nor no temptation tries—
Oh, Paradise, sweet Paradise.

Oh, Paradise! sweet Paradise,
Oh, that my weary feet might rise
From dusty pathways here below,
To where thy gentle breezes blow—
Oh, Paradise! sweet Paradise.

Oh, Paradise! sweet Paradise,
In His good time we'll see thy skies—
We'll wander in thy fields above,
Where all is peace and joy and love—
Oh, Paradise! sweet Paradise.

Oh, Paradise! sweet Paradise,
I'll wait until my Savior cries
Enough, enough, come unto me!
Then all thy beauties I shall see—
Oh, Paradise! sweet Paradise.

HUMAN CHARACTER.

More wondrous than the snowflake,
More beauteous than the rose,
More hateful than the serpent
Whose track no mortal knows.

More varied than the rainbow,
Or e'en the flowers in spring,
The chords that vibrate there more strange
Than all the songs we sing.

Writ in a language mystical,
No human can define,
The book is only legible
Unto a mind divine.

"THE RIVER RUNS."*

"The river runs!" Its hungry bed
From mountain reservoirs is fed;
Its banks now smile at morning suns—
The river runs, the river runs!

Sunshine is fair when fields are green
And waving in the summer sheen.
The sun a tyrant sits on high
When heaven and earth are parched and dry,
And weary earth in languor lies
Beneath the glare of brazen skies,
And fetid breath of burning years
Has dried away her pent-up tears.

*In April, 1903, the writer was in San Jacinto, California, 120 miles southeast of Los Angeles. Passing along the street one day he heard a boy, perhaps eight years of age, shout to his fellow across the street: "The river runs!" It seemed a strange proclamation to me then, but when I understood that for six long years no moistening flow had darkened the glaring white sands of the river bed, and that that boy had probably never before seen the stream flow, I appreciated his youthful enthusiasm. I think Jehovah has put water in the San Jacinto river bed every spring since then, to the grateful joy of the people along its banks.

But now the grateful mountains pour
Life from their swelling bosoms' store,
Which, taken by the joyful sands,
Is sprinkled on the thirsty lands.

The river runs! The river runs!
Sing father, mother, little ones!
Wave banners, fire the joyful guns!
The river runs! The river runs!



LOVE.

I. Cor. 13:1-8, 13 and 14:1.

Though I may speak with tongues of men
And angels' heavenly voice,
Without Love I'm as sounding brass,
And no one will rejoice.

Though I may have the gift of speech—
My faith could mountains move;
Knowledge and mysteries understand,
I'm nothing without Love.

Though I should give to feed the poor
All things which I possess,
My body give to burn with fire,
Without Love would not bless.

Love suffers long, is very kind,
And envies not at all;
Boasts not, is not exalted,
And so can never fall.

Love never acts unseemingly,
Her own rights seeketh not;
Is never angered easily,
Nor harbors evil thought.

Love can't rejoice in tempers
Or other evil things;
Of Truth enthroned within herself
Love ever, always sings.
Bears all things with a smiling face,
Believeth all things pure;
Hopes all things, endures all things,
And knows the future sure.

Love never fails, but prophecies
May sometimes come to naught;
And tongues shall cease, knowledge be lost,
Though ever earnest sought.

Faith is a grace which shall abide,
Hope ever calls to see,
But Love, the greatest of them all,
Says, "follow after me."

RESCUED.

How safe we are in Father's care, but, oh, how terrified
While we are wandering away upon the mountain side.

Gaily we seek earth's pleasure fair until the day is past,
Groping among the caves and pits by night we go at last.

The wolves of sin await our steps, all ready to devour,
And nothing now can save his child but Father's mighty
power.

Vainly we seek to extricate ourselves from Satan's snare,
Only to weep with bitter cry while thorns and briars
tear.

At last all fainting sick and sore forgiveness we im-
plore;
He stands beside us in the gloom, and we will stray
no more.

Oh, wanderer, when you abhor the paths of sin
you try
Your Father waits with longing heart to hear your
weary cry;
And to his breast to gather you from out the bitter
cold,
And bear you safely in his arms back to the shelter-
ing fold.

IF A FELLOW DON'T GET SOUR.

It's a joy to dream
On a summer stream,
And build in Spain a tower—
To tumble down about our ears,
If a fellow don't get sour.

It's a joy to work
And never shirk,
Though storms around us lower
If we do our best and leave the rest,
And a fellow don't get sour.

It's a joy to live
And love and give,
Through sunshine and through shower,
No matter what our earthly lot,
If a fellow don't get sour.

It's a joy to wear
A coat threadbare,
And toil for meat and flour,
And spend our life for others' sake,
If a fellow don't get sour.

It's a joy to lay
Our cares away,
And meet death's final hour;
And we'll never fail in the shadowed vale,
If a fellow don't get sour.



WAITING.

Waiting at the window of the postoffice
For the clerk to shake his head, not only once or twice;

Waiting, waiting, weighting down my heart.
Waiting, waiting while my joys depart.

Waiting, waiting, weighting down my feet,
While I weary drag aound up and down the street.

Waiting, waiting, will it never end?
Will the letter never come on which my hopes depend?

Waiting, waiting, weary with the weight
Placed upon my worried soul by the letter late.

Waiting, waiting, word we all can rue.
Hardest thing in all the world that mortal has to do.

TOOTLES.

Our Tootles he is three years old,
And trying now to talk,
And he is every inch a boy
Since he began to walk.

When his big brothers go to school,
And we have missed their noise,
Then Tootles goes about the yard
And calls: "boys! boys! boys! boys!"
For Tootles he is lonesome
When his brothers are away;
He finds it hard to stay alone
Throughout the long, long day.

But Tootles, he is happy
When the boys come home again,
For he can tumble on the grass
With Dick and brother Ben,
And he can cut his finger
With his brother's pocket knife,
And have a rag tied on it,
And feel as large as life.
He can ride in Bennie's wagon,
And get tipped over, too,
And knock enough skin off his head



TOOTLES.

To make a baby's shoe;
And he can carry in his mouth
For bits a wooden stick,
And trot around the yard an hour,
A horse for brother Dick.
Can pack a tub of water
To irrigate some land
The boys have been improving
Out in a bed of sand.
And then when everything's all wet
Can make the finest pie
Of mud you'd ever care to see
And set it by to dry.

Our Tootles, he will be a horse,
A dog, or cow, or sheep;
He'll whinny, bawl and bleat and crow,
He'll walk and run and creep.
He'll be police or jail bird,
He doesn't care much which,
For when the boys come home from school
He never makes a hitch.

Sometimes our Tootles grows most fierce,
Just like a mighty bear;
The way he grits his teeth and snarls
Would anybody scare,
But when the hunters come along

And shoot him with a stick
He tumbles on the ground and lies
Till skinned by Ben or Dick.

Our Tootles hates to waste the time
It takes to eat or sleep.
When mamma says, "it's bedtime now!"
It's sure to make him weep;
But when his muddy dress is off,
His shoes are set away,
The tears are washed from off his face
And he's in bed to stay,
You'd never think to look at him
He was a horse or cow,
But say, while looking at his curls,
"He is an angel now."

Ione, Oregon, 1905.



A PAPER DOLLIE.

To My Daughter Rachel.

I found it in my pocket,
As I walked along the road ;
Sore depressed by many burdens,
Crushed beneath my heavy load.

It was but piece of paper,
Crumpled up, and soiled a bit ;
And an angel whispered to me :
Smooth the wrinkles out of it.

Then I careful bent the corners
Down upon my open palm,
Till the whole was spread before me,
An illustrated Psalm.

And it taught me, as I traveled,
Deeply burdened on my way—
“Forget self and think of others,”
Thus you'll brighten every day.

Listen, you shall hear the story
How my heart the lesson read,
While I wandered 'mid the forest
Bending solemn o'er my head.

As I kissed my little daughter,
Just before I came away,
She clung to me for a moment,
As though asking me to stay.

Then she pressed into my fingers
A tiny paper doll,
Saying "Take it with you, papa,
Just to any place at all."

"I'll need explanations," said I.
"I don't understand at all;
I've too many little children
To need a paper doll."

To the rescue came her mother:
"Take the dollie, now," she said,
"And lose it where you find it;
It will make some children glad."

So I tucked the paper dollie
In my pocket safe away,
Then forgot the admonition,
Given early in the day.

But I've found her now, while wandering
In the forest deep and still,
And I'll drop her in the pathway,
Where the children come from school.

Thus my little daughter taught me—
“Shed your light on others’ way;
And while lightening others’ burdens,
You will find a brighter day.”

Blaine, Washington, 1895.



HER SOUL.

What's this comes floating along the hill,
Like a snowy thistle down soft and still?
A woman's soul, so pure and clean,
In a maiden fair at sweet sixteen.

A breath may blow this tender thing
To a pit as black as a raven's wing,
To a place of snakes and owls and bats—
Of growling dogs and snarling cats,
Of hideous things I dare not tell,
A grave, a prison, a den, a hell.

A breath may blow this treasure rare
To a beautiful place in the valley there—
A land of birds and bees and flowers,
Of golden fields and blooming bowers,
Where everything is pure and nice—
A heaven, a home, a Paradise.

GIVE ALMS.

Luke 11:41.

“Give alms of such things as you have,”
From out the bag which grows not old;
It may not be of jewels rare,
Or plethora of hoarded gold.

A cup of water, word of love,
Provided from your grateful store,
May precious be as gifts of wealth
And fleshly joys, yea! even more.

The Spirit's presence comforting
Has filled your soul with joy and peace;
Pour out to others of your store,
Eternal joys will then increase.

Give alms of such things as you have,
Fresh from the treasure house above;
Each morning new manna will fall,
Of peace and joy and heavenly love.

Give alms of such things as you have,
Nor wait for earthly treasure rare;
To hungry souls pour out your gifts—
With them your heavenly comforts share.

THE FAITHFUL WATCHER.

An infant in my cradle bed.
Sweet blessings falling round my head—
A heavenly vigil o'er me kept,
For "mamma watched while I slept."

The glamour of my boyhood days
Made paths in many wayward ways,
And though for me she often wept,
Still mamma watched while I slept.

A youth, I treasured shams and snares,
And heeded not ascending prayers,
And home at midnight softly crept,
But mother watched while I slept.

Bless'd God, the Holy Spirit, spoke,
And I, at last a man, awoke.
Her prayers for me their harvest reft,
For she had watched while I slept.

San Jacinto, Cal.

FOR MERCY'S SAKE.

We fought for preservation once,
For bold aggression, too,
And once we fought for liberty,
But now we fight for you;
For starving thousands pleading loud,
Of men and little ones,
And for the gallant boys in blue
Who sank beside their guns.

A nation who despises you,
And swims in seas of blood,
We'll punish for a thousand crimes
Against the true and good.
We'll strike for the Virginius
A blow with vim and might,
Nor blush though blood should freely flow,
To fight for you and right.

Then let the starry banner wave
O'er Cuba's palm-fringed hills,
Where patriot blood has freely stained
A hundred mountain rills;
And hoist it high with loud hurrah
Above the somber walls,
Which shadows o'er the bloody stain
Which to our manhood calls.

Then let the page of history
In future ages tell
How we for Mercy fought this fight,
And how our comrades fell,
With faces toward the flag they loved
And hearts with pity filled
For bleeding Cuba, whose sad cry
With fire our nation thrilled.



SIX YEARS OLD.

Would you think I was six years old?

I was five last February;

Now mamma says that I am six—

Almost as old as Mary.

I used to be a little thing a long, long time ago;

I couldn't read a single mite;

But now, since I've got big,

I spell a lot of words and sometimes try to write.

And by and by, when I grow up,

If I teach school or not,

If I should study hard and pass,

I'll know an awful lot.

Ione, Oregon, Feb. 19, 1905.

THE OCEAN MAID.

Close down by the shore, where the breakers roar
All through the livelong day,
Where the sun sets in the ocean,
I met sweet Rosie Bray.
Beside a wandering mountain stream,
As the gleams of twilight fade,
Where the dreaming river falls in the sea,
I saw this ocean maid.

Sweet Rosie Bray is a child of clay,
And not a mermaid strange;
And she loves the sea and the air so free,
Where the skimming sea birds range,
And the blue sky gleams in her blue, blue eye—
May her beauty never fade—
As the sea shall never cease its song—
This comely ocean maid.

They took her away one summer day,
To the turmoil of the street,
Where she wandered about the noisy town,
With worried weary feet.
With a lonely heart she sought the couch,
Where her weary head she laid,
Her pillow to wet with her falling tears—
This homesick ocean maid.

Another day in the city gay,
With its sights and sounds and strife,
With food untouched and sleepless couch—
To her a weary life.
Sweet Rosie longed with a longing deep
For the sands where she had played,
And so she plead to be taken home—
This lonely ocean maid.
“God made the rocks, and made the sea,
And made the bird that sings;
He made the winds, and waves and sky,
But he never made these things.
So take me back where the salt sea sighs,
And the snowy sprays dash high,
Where the white sails gleam across the waves
On the far-off western sky—
Where the scampering sand bird flits away
From the fingers of the deep,
Which reach up high on the wet, wet sands,
With a constant seething sweep.
Oh, take me back to the sea again,
I cannot eat or sleep;
And when I think of the restless tide,
My heart can only weep.
Oh, give me back my ocean home,
Let down my streaming braid,
And let the salt sea sparkle there,”
Plead the sorrowing ocean maid.

Sweet Rosie Bray is back at play,
Where the sea with ceaseless song,
In a bass, bass key booms wide and free
Each grand new day along;
And breathing in the salt sea breath,
When the gleams of twilight fade
She sleeps to the ocean's lullaby,
This peaceful ocean maid.



WHERE'S MY NANNIE?

Two clinging arms around my neck,
 Long, long ago.
A velvet cheek pressed warm against my face,
A baby breath, sweet as an Eden sigh,
A cooing, crooning note of baby joy, so confident
 Oh, where's my Nannie?

The gloom falls round me while I dream,
And look back up life's winding stream.
Once more I hear the tottering little feet,
And hear the cooing baby voice so sweet:
 "I love 'oo, papa!"
 Oh, where's my Nannie?

The day is dead, and time has flown,
And I sit here by the fire alone,
In the quiet gloom of my little room.
 Oh, where's my Nannie?

I'm waiting here by the mystic shore,
And the little hands they come no more
 To linger now,
 Soft on my brow.
 Oh, where's my Nannie?
Bellingham, Washington.

DOWN THE HILL.

The sky was bright that morning
When we started up the hill,
Now the longest path's behind us,
Yet I find some brightness still.

Sometimes I pulled you backward
As we traveled up the way;
Still I'm resting in the shadows
On the other side today.

There's a peaceful little valley
At the bottom of the hill,
Where the winds are always quiet,
Birds and brook are never still;
Where the lake smiles in the sunlight,
Mirror for the hill and tree;
Shall we travel down together,
Will you rest there, love, with me?

THE FUNNY LITTLE CHAMBER MAN.

Oh, that funny little chamber man,
He goes about with his broom and pan;
With dusting pan and pail and broom
He patters in to sweep my room,
And when he's scratched all over the floor
There's more dirt there than there was before.
Oh, that little man with the pigtail rare,
Part of string and part of hair.

He's as innocent as a young spring lamb,
And his funny face is always calm;
He studies hard the whole day through
To decide on the things that he won't do,
And when at his neglect you're wild
He smiles upon you like a child—
That little man with the pigtail rare,
Part of string and part of hair.

If at his ways you dare complain
Flits over his face a look of pain,
And he says "no savy!" at your plaint
In a way exasperating quaint.
"No savy!" covers a host of sins
For the little Ning Poos and little Lee Wings—
The little men with the pigtails rare,
Part of string and part of hair.
Victoria, B. C.

SPRING.

He'd be a stock or stone, or coarser ground
Who wouldn't sing of spring on Puget Sound.
If grasping, sordid man should silent be
A song would burst from every hill and tree.

Spring offers days too bright for mortal man,
Ethereal days, which smile but once, and then
The heavens weep because they pass away—
Too perfect with the common earth to stay.

The downy mists cling round the mountain tops,
The glowing sun, while stealing upward stops
And paints a blush of spring upon the snows
Before his power upon the earth he shows.

The very blood leaps through the veins in glee
As leaps the life into the shrub and tree
Upon the amorous touch of witching spring,
Who makes the hills to blossom and to sing.

The passing steamer leaves a veil of black
Above the blue Sound o'er its bubbly track.
The lark calls shrilly from the towering fir,
And tells his mate he'll cross the mead to her.



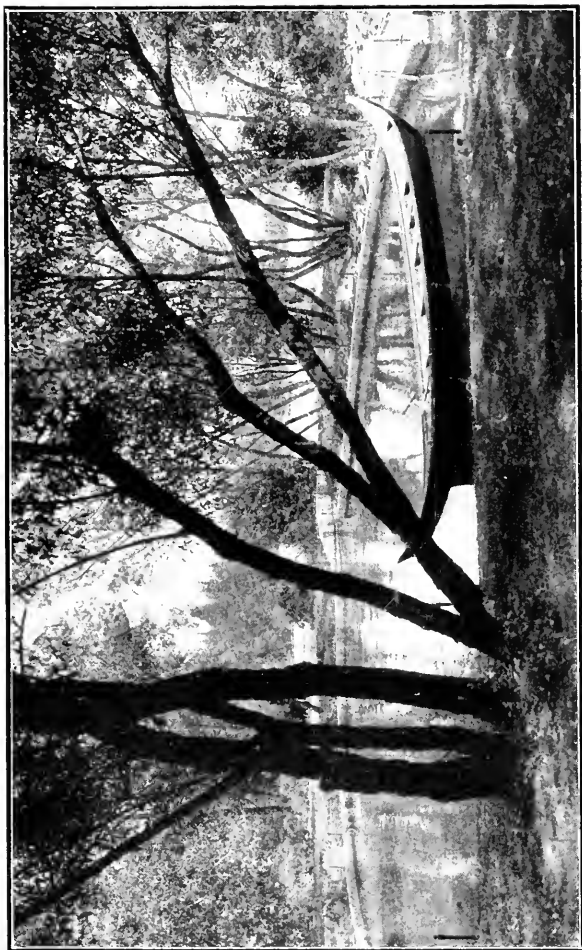
ON PUGET SOUND.



THE RIVER ASLEEP.



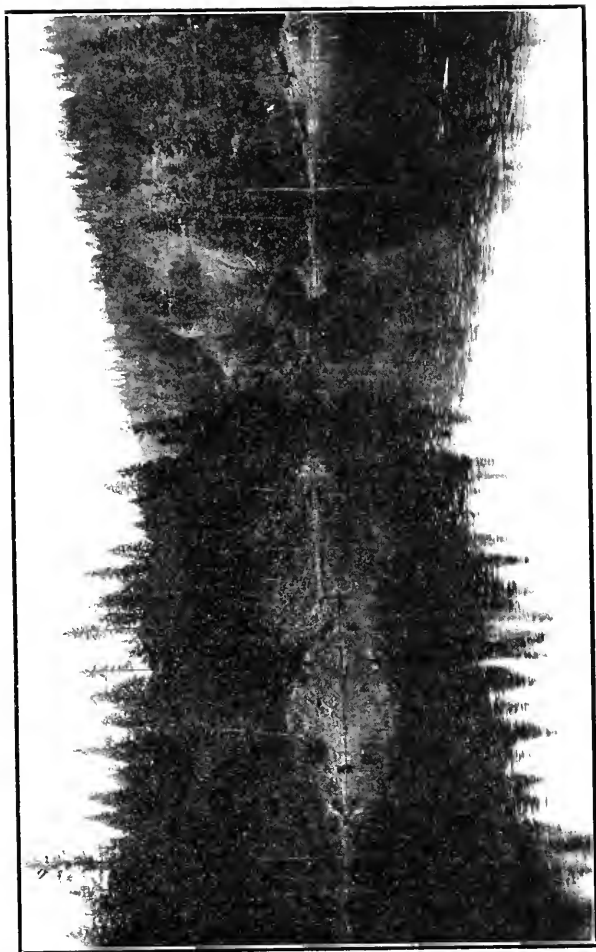
IN A TACOMA PARK.



A SEATTLE NOOK.



THE RIVER AT HOME.



BELOW SPOKANE.

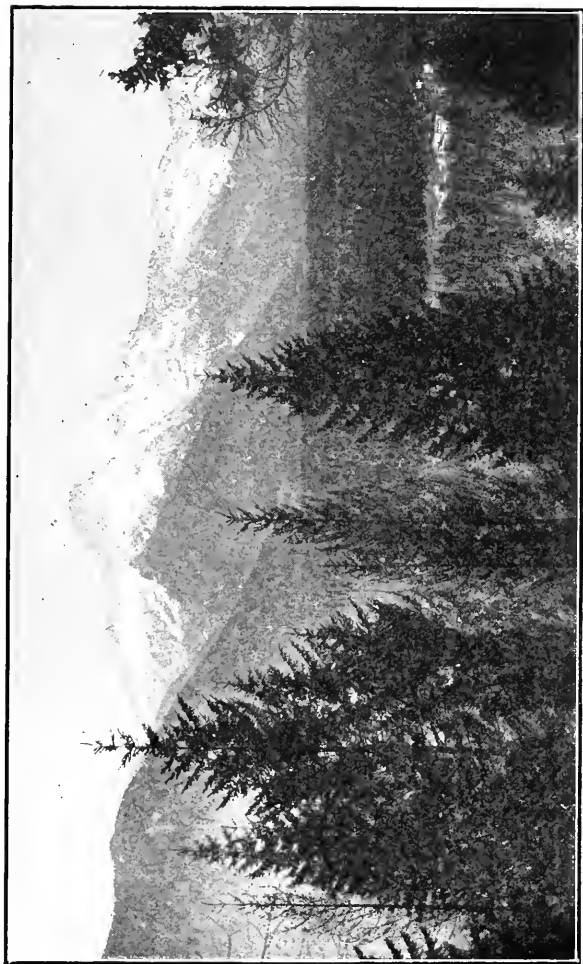


A TACOMA POEM.

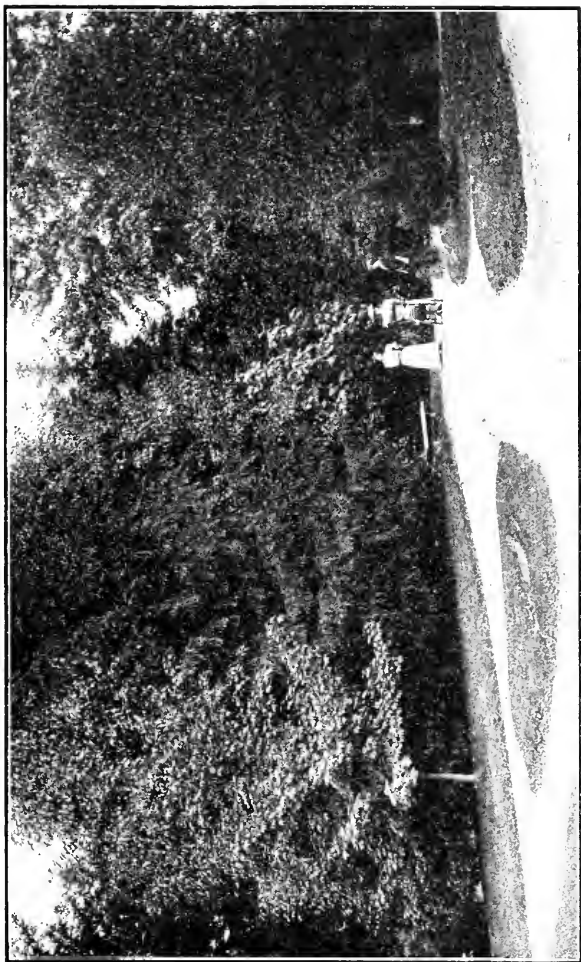




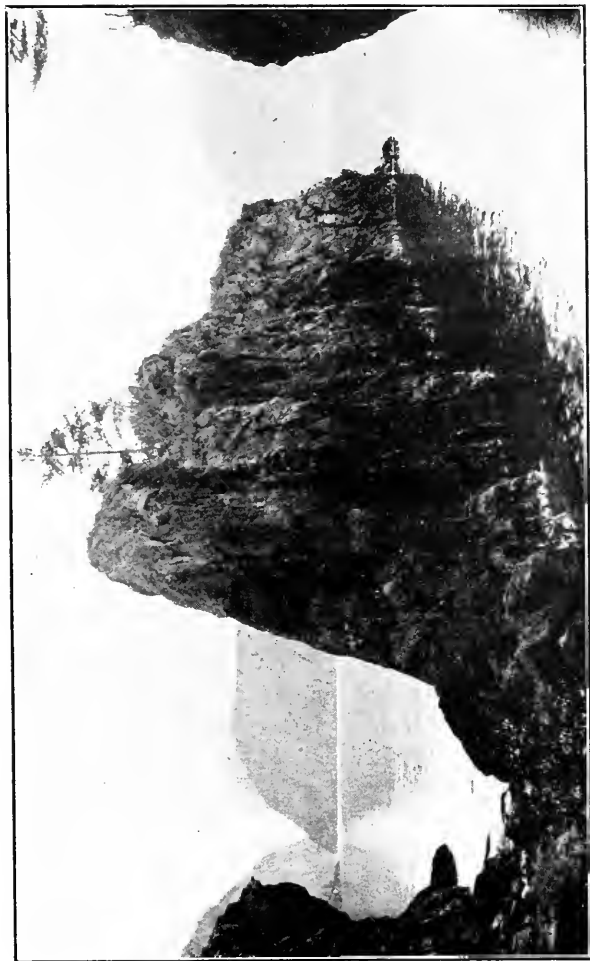
ATTACKING A PUGET SOUND GIANT.



WHITEHORSE, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN IN WESTERN WASHINGTON.



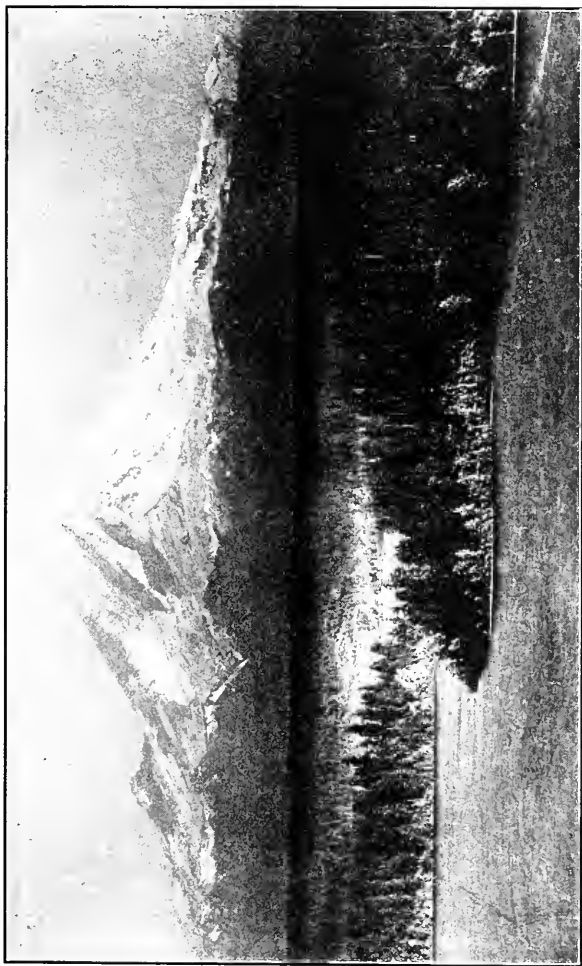
THE HEART OF TACOMA.



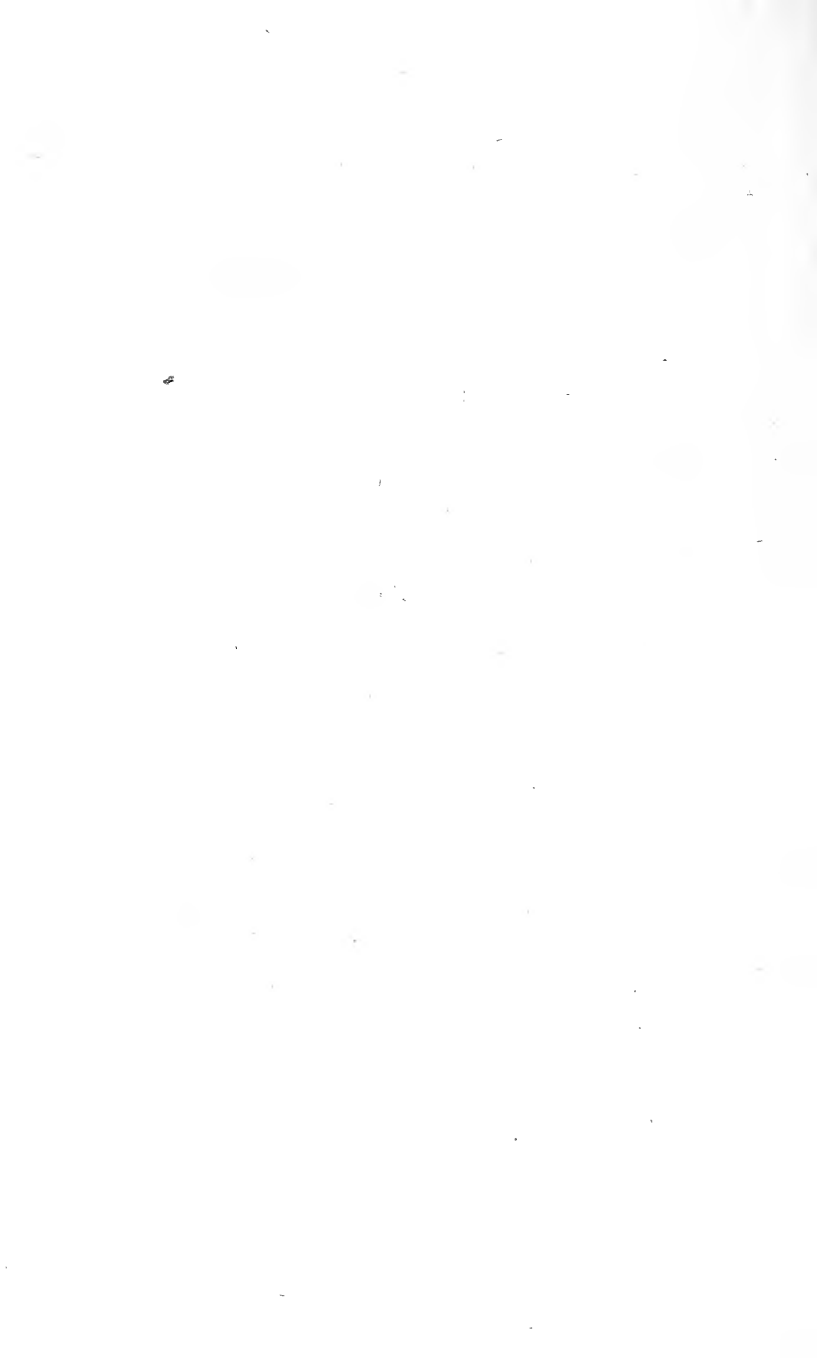
DECEPTION PASS, PUGET SOUND.



UNDER THE RHODODENDRONS IN A SEATTLE PARK.

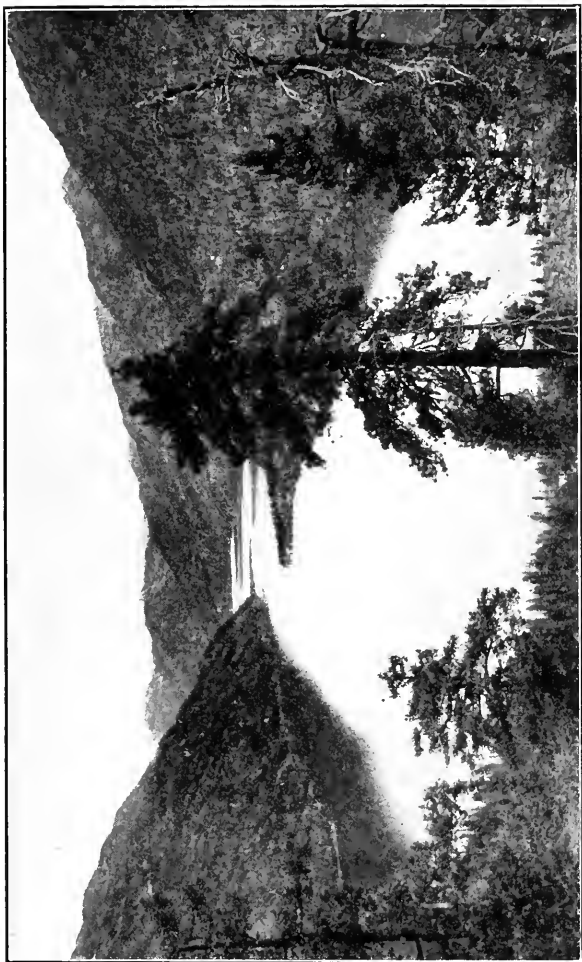


MT. RAINIER.





SOME PUGET SOUND VERDURE AND FLOWERS.



A LITTLE GLIMPSE OF LAKE CHELAN'S SIXTY MILES OF BEAUTY.

The breezes blow afar from summer isles,
The sun looks down upon the earth and smiles,
The earth gives praise in all its verdant things,
And while the breeze blows soft the forest sings.

The bluebird whistles gaily from the fence,
He and his mate their first spring tasks commence.
The willows promise crops of cats to yield,
The blushing osier glows across the field.

The only perfect day's a day in spring
On Puget Sound: The days of which I sing;
And he's a stock or stone or coarser ground
Who wouldn't sing of spring on Puget Sound.



WHEN BABY RUNNED AWAY.

When he took care of baby big brother said, "oh, dear!"
And "what a nuisance!" sister said, whenever she came
near.

Nobody wanted baby to bother in their play,
And everybody said "be still!" so baby runned away.

The little wagon, lone and still, sat in the corner there;
A little bonnet, soiled and worn, lay in the baby's chair.
Her things were scattered all around, excepting Dolly
May
And Jupiter, the old house dog, when baby runned away.

"Where's baby?" mamma whispered, and nobody could
tell;
She wasn't in the garden, the woodshed, or the well;
No little feet were pattering about the place at play,
And everything was quiet there when baby runned away.

"She can't be far!" they all declared, "not five minutes
ago
She hung upon the table leaf and begged a piece of dough,"
But grandpa stopped his reading, the children ceased their
play,
And everybody joined the search when baby runned away.

At dinner time no baby, nobody cared to eat;
They longed to hear the patter of busy little feet.
Then mamma sent the children, with lips and faces gray,
To tell the kindly neighbors "our baby's runned away."

The neighbors came and searched the fields, the meadows
and the wood,
And some of them began to say "the baby's lost for good!"
The sun was sinking out of sight when mamma stopped
to pray;
To blame herself and weep and cry cause baby runned
away.

But listen now, a distant howl breaks on the evening air,
The sound of a familiar voice, and not a wolf or bear.
"Old Jupiter!" said mamma, "he's been away all day.
He always tries to go along when baby runs away."

They found her by her faithful friend, her dollie on her
arm,
Beside a lonely woodland path, asleep and safe from harm.
Then mamma folded baby up and fainted quite away,
Worn out with toil and worry, cause baby runned away.

They put her in the wagon, the baby by her side,
And when they started all declared old Jupiter should
ride;
He watched so well the little one, and all the children say
He was the hero of the hour, when baby runned away.

We never tell the baby now "go way, don't make a noise!"

We never call her "nuisance" when she picks up our toys;
She has a lovely piece of dough on every baking day,
For none of us can quite forget when baby runned away.
Hood River, Oregon.



NOT PROUD.

(Written on the other end of the street car.)

The buzzard said to the dove one day
"You're proud if you don't come out and play
With me where everything smells so fine
In this elegant rich play ground of mine."

"Oh, no," said the dove, "I am not proud,
But it smells too strong in your elegant crowd.
I had rather rest where the air is free
With the humming bird and the honey bee."

WHERE IS THE WEST?

Oh where is the West, the dream-fraught West
Which we knew so long ago,
With its luring spells, its promise grand
And its soul-inthralling glow?

When the striving throng becomes too dense
And we are sore oppressed,
Oh where, oh where can we find relief
In the air of a free, wide west?

Oh where is the west of which we dreamed
With its prairies rich and wide,
Its fields all rife awaiting the flow
Of the restless human tide?

In vain in vain in our dreams we seek
For a free and boundless west,
The din and moil of the striving world
Has all its realms possessed.

The clang of trade and the greed of gain
Have defiled its virgin breast,
And we look no more to the setting sun
For a place where our souls may rest.

Oh, the west has gone to seek the dawn
Of eternal dim beyond,
And on the sea of its mystery
We've embarked our fancies fond.

Oh where, oh where can our fancy fly
For its unknown land of bliss,
Where we can rest, our toil requite
When we are tired of this?

It is no more, this land of dreams
For which our spirit cries,
The only place for the weary soul
Is away in Paradise.

Oh sigh not then for the dreamful west,
For its witching charms are flown,
But look away to the realms of day,
And claim them for your own.



SWEET SADNESS.

There is sweetness in the sadness
That sorrows for the home,
Where mother waits and watches
For the boy who still will roam.

There is sweetness in the sadness
Which sorrows for the deed
Which has wronged some trusting neighbor,
Made his aching heart to bleed.

There is sweetness in the sadness
Which sorrows for the smiles
Which were ours e'er Satan entered
Our Eden with his wiles.

There is sweetness in the sadness
Which sorrows for the glee
Which the children used to utter
As they gladly welcomed me.

There is sweetness in the sadness
Which makes us pitiful,
And will lead us to the lonely
In a teeming city full.

There is sweetness in the sadness
Which makes us to repent
That our lives have been unworthy
Of the Savior God has sent.

And there's sweetness in the sadness
Which our stubborn wills shall bend
And fit us for the haven
He's prepared us at the end.

There is sweetness in the sunlight
There is sweetness in the air
Winter, summer, spring and autumn
There is sweetness everywhere.



THE WAY UP.

I will obey when Father calls
Then I can lay what e'er befalls
On Him, who knows the darkest way,
And trust Him even though He slay,
And trust Him ever, for I know
All things are working here below
For my eternal good, for I
Am called His holy purpose by,
And love Him, for I surely know
He guides me everywhere I go;
And cares for me in joy or pain—
Permits me to His rest attain.

A PICTURE.

If human weakness mar you, love,
My eyes have deeper seen;
I love you, not for what you are,
But what you should have been.

My fancy painted long ago,
A picture rare to see,
No present fate can serve to hide
That picture fair from me.

I see in you that portrait true
In mind and form and face,
And nothing, though beguiling hung
Can fill its biding place.

A treasure, it belongs to me,
No hand can rob my heart;
Conceived within my youthful life
It now of me is part.

This picture by youth's fancy drawn
Must fill its niche for aye;
Without a change within my heart
It surely hangs today.

THE WORLD.

By the Columbia river it is bounded on the north,
And by the Cascade mountains on the east,
The Calapooia mountains skirt the southern boundary,
And the Coast range marks the west, to say the least.

The longest river in the world's the winding Willamette;
The capital is Salem on that stream;
The highest mountain in the world, they tell me, is Mt.
Hood,
And that, without a doubt's no fairy dream.

The largest city in the world is Portland, so they say;
There couldn't be a larger very well.
The greatest paper in the world's the Oregonian,
And that's a fact which I am proud to tell.

From Portland to Eugene, from Molalla to Yamhill
This world it is so mighty big and wide,
If there's any more to tell about I couldn't tell it all,
It would take another little world beside.
Portland, 1902.

THE GREATEST CITY.

Seattle is the greatest town in all this world, I guess,
For if there is a greater I've not seen it, I confess.
From First to Second Avenue, from Jackson Street to
Pike

Of all the crowds you ever saw you never saw the like.

We have the tallest buildings, nine stories in the air,
If they built them any higher they'd go over, I declare!
The biggest steamships in the world from China and
Japan

Tied up along the water front, just beat them if you can.

From Ballard down to Renton—they're in the town you
bet,

And by and by, they tell me, we'll take in Everett.
Tacoma will a suburb be—we'll let them keep the name,
But it will only be a part of Seattle all the same.

And when we build the big canal, and all the ships
come in

To clean their bottoms in the lake as slick as any pin,
Then Portland and Tacoma will both like Sunday be,
And people from all round the world will just come here
to see.

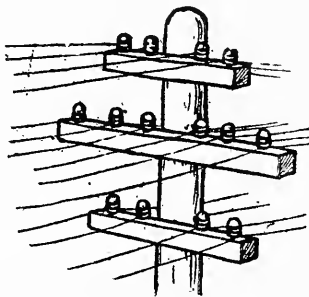
Seattle has a "spirit," "the only one," says ma,
From Yakima to Neah Bay, from Blaine to Willipa,
Sometimes we have two spirits, if there's necessity,
And if things grew too strenuous we might have even
three.

We're going to outgrow Frisco, Los Angeles doesn't
count;

Seattle will be champion for any old amount,
And all the railroads and the ships will try to enter here,
If we don't beat those other towns it surely will be queer.

There's just one place where I would like to make my
home and die,

And that is in Seattle, and that's no blooming lie.
Of all the towns in all the world Seattle is the best,
You cannot find a better if you travel east or west.
Seattle, 1902.



CHANGES OF WEATHER.

Rebecca's like the weather;
Sunshine has come today,
And with a brand new jacket
Has chased the clouds away.

Tomorrow will be cloudy,
And rainy too, I fear,
For our Rebecca wants a hat—
The second one this year,
And when she cannot have it
There's sure to be a shower,
And in the sky the whole day long
The sombre clouds will lower.

The picnic day is windy—
Rebecca flies along
From morning until evening,
With laughter and with song.
The day at home is gloomy,
Rebecca's face is sad,
But when she has her wishes
Her eyes are bright and glad.

But by and by Rebecca
Will have her heart made new,

Then peace will come into her life
Like gently falling dew;
No matter how the winds may blow
And clouds the sun may hide,
The day will bright and pleasant be,
And joy will dwell inside.



ACROSS THE LAKE.

Across the lake, blue floating up,
I see my neighbor's friendly smoke ascend,
Then, though alone, I work and sing
For over there I know I have a friend.

Across the lake today there is no sign.
My neighbor gone, no friendly smoke ascends.
I gaze beyond the sapphire depths—the lonely tear
Flows as its tender chalice rends.

I think, as to my tasks I slowly turn,
As one by one my friendly neighbors go:
My hopes will soon be all of life
Across the dusky river's ceaseless flow.

THE HARP OF THE SANDS.

The following stanzas were inspired by that strange moaning sound which one sometimes hears along the sea shore about dusk. Twice at Victoria, British Columbia—once on the Beacon Hill water front and once on Victoria Arm—the writer heard this weird sound, more like the ringing of a telegraph wire in the wind than anything else, but softer and not so loud. He is also informed that the sound is often heard at the Golden Gate, San Francisco, and other places along the ocean front.

I sat one night where the flowing tide
Came in at the Golden Gate,
And listened to the restless sea,
Though the hour was growing late.

The earth was still and the ocean calm
The air was soft and low,
And the only thing that made a sound
Was the creeping waters' flow.

A ship passed in the dusk along,
Like a phantom up the bay,
Its tall masts mirrored in the deep,
While it slipped in the gloom away.

The sea birds chattered as they flew
In whispering notes of night,
Or sat on the bosom of the deep
When the moon came into sight.

The porpoise flashing in and out
Far off on the distant sea,
With all the other ocean sights,
Make an evening show for me.

And so I sat and listened to
The ocean's mighty swells—
The story which the sea's unrest
Forever throbbing tells.

And then I walked in the soft moonlight,
And listened to the tide,
As it glided through the Golden Gate
From the ocean green and wide.

At last I stopped and held my breath,
For a strain of music came,
Like the wind through strings Aeolian,
Too sweet to have a name.

And sad and low it floated up
From the ocean-dampened sands,
Like a harp thrust out from the hurrying deep
And played by spirit hands.

I stood and listened to the strains,
I had one time heard before—
To the harp of the sands played by unseen hands
In the rocks along the shore.

The hour was right, for alone at night
Will the sand harps ever play;
When the flowing tide begins to glide
Into the shadowy bay.

I listened wrapt to the sad sweet strain,
For I knew when the tide was in
No more would the sand harp play for me
By the fingers soft unseen.

Nor could I hear in the daylight glare
This music of the night,
For the glowing sun would, soaring high,
Give the weird musicians fright.

So I drank my fill till the music ceased,
And I knew I should hear no more,
Then back to the city I took my way
Along the rock bound shore.

THE NEW HOUSE.

L. Samuel once showed the writer eight new residences in the city of Portland, Oregon, where either the husband or wife (old pioneers who had breasted the toils of early days together) as soon as they moved into the elegant new quarters, died. The same thing happened to a friend of the writer's in Whatcom, after which he penned the following lines:

I hate you and all your polished walls
And massive doors of precious woods.
There is only one redeeming feature in you
With all your glittering, glaring elegance,
And that a whispering, longing thought of her
For whom I dreamed to raise your massive domes.
The funeral silence of your mossy carpets
Make my heart as chill as your cold stones;
As sad I wander up and down your halls alone;
For she is gone, and earth, and you, and I are empty.

I brought her yonder where the elm tree droops,
She planted with her own dear hands,
So long ago; and roses bloomed on face and field;
And sunshine shone in heaven and eye,
And brightened everything with hope and joy.

The mossy cabin she delighted in,
The forest shades of green and gray beyond,
Even the toil of clearing off the massive trees
Was entertaining, and to her had its delight.
Her dimpled hands and face were often painted
With the char of sticks she piled upon
The glowing fires which ate the shade away
And let the hoe and sunlight to the willing soil.

The busy years flew by, the "old house" stood
Where once the cabin's mossy logs were piled;
Her elm tree shaded round the porch,
And children played and sang about the place,
Still she was e'er the faithful guardian,
And when the calls of business took me far away,
She bore the burden of the home alone.
And life more full of toil and cares
Than what the world calls pleasures,
She lived, through all the years, with few complaints.

Her girlhood feet had pressed the velvet,
And frescoed walls had looked upon her then,
But now the garden soil clung to her dainty shoes—
Her little hands were not as soft as when
They handled only needle work or lace.
Necessity, that thorough but relentless teacher,
Drew his impassible lines around her home
And made a world of it, at least for her.

The moments passed, and while I dreamed
The hand of time sprinkled the frosts of years
Upon my head, and to my joints poured in
The curdled oil of age with stealthy hand.
Deceiving me, he kept her just as fair,
Nor meddled with her velvet face or hair.
The only sign she gave that toil or time or care
Had touched her, was now and then a sigh.

Frowning adversity had meek submission taught;
And then upon us smiled one day prosperity
The old house 'neath the elm tree's spreading shade
(When I upon our new good fortune thought)
Seemed mean and poor and cramped.
And then I thought to rear a home for her
More like the one she left to come to me.
She said when I the subject broached to her:
"We have been happy here, the place is dear
"And here the children have around us grown
"To men and women and gone out
"The world to see, and this to them is home."
But still I thought I did it all for her,
And so your towers and pillars grew,
And you, new house, were thus completed.
The upholsterer and cabinet maker came,
And artists hung your frescoed walls
With bits of silent nature, face and form.
We walked about your halls and stairways

Like children lost in some strange wilderness,
Until one day she tired grew and pale
And lay her down to rest, but not in thee, new house.
For with a weary smile she asked me
To carry her to her own little room,
Where in the elm tree she could hear the robin sing.

We bore her gently home across the field
And left you here, a monument to pride.
"Oh, I am tired, and just want to rest,"
She said; when we, with sadly bending heads
Inquired what we could do for her.
And so she went to sleep in her own little room
To never more behold the marble halls
I built for her when she had worn her life away.
And when I knew that we could never wake her
It came to me how void of recreations
And how circumscribed her life had been,
And then a thought of bitterness came in;
That she had never been rewarded for her cares,
And had been snatched away from tardy joys,
Which came too late to cheer the life
Which she had spent for others' comforts.

Defrauded all her life of cheering recreations,
And filled her world with sacrifice and self-denials,
I take no joy in you, new house;
You make my days more lonely and bring up

The thought of how she closed her weary life,
Not with delights and comforts here,
But with the silence of mysterious death.

There are more pleasant places, and to others
I will leave the task of waking up your corridors,
While I repine beneath our spreading elm,
(By which her youthful days were bright)
And meditate upon the promised glorious home,
Built by more generous hands than you,
And where she waits for me among the scenes
Where mysteries are all revealed, and sacrifice
Not unevenly distributed on gentle shoulders.
Farewell, new house, I can't forsake old friends
For you, and will not hate you when
Your walls are hidden from any sight,
So, as I go to where she fell asleep, new house, good night.



FEEDING THE PIGS.

Since Adam loved and disobeyed
Upon that fatal day,
And ate the sad, forbidden fruit,
And hied himself away,
Since he and his dear-purchased bride,
Clothed with the leaves of figs,
Went weeping from the garden sore,
Man has been feeding pigs.

The artist feeds them with his brush,
They eat and gorge and die,
The author feeds them with his pen,
They chuckle, mourn and sigh.
The singer feeds them with his songs,
And they forget they're earth,
And sleep and dream, oblivious—
Neglect eternal birth.

The actor feeds on mimicry
Of things and beings real ;
They hasten, jostling, to his trough,
And crowd and tear and squeal.

The chef feeds on substantial things,
The jeweler on gold ;
The preacher suds of platitudes ;
They feel that they are sold.

The lawyer, guileful, fills their trough
 With pleas of subterfuge.
The statesman legislation serves
 In bags and bundles huge.
The doctor feeds elastic cures
 To stretch their stomachs out;
They gorge then with impunity,
 Immersing feet and snout.
The teacher, even, would enlarge
 Porcine capacity
For the absorption of earth's store
 In their own special sty.

And so the pigs strive, feed and sleep,
 While man leans on the fence
And chews the husks, and ruminates,
 Nor heeds the recompense.
But soon the Husbandman will come,
 With fodder from the sky,
And change them into men again
 His bounty to enjoy.
Then strife of self will cease to be,
 Man cater not to lust,
His tables will be full of love,
 And praise and hope and trust.
He'll step back into Paradise,
 And feed clean birds and beasts,
And never more, with lust of eye,
 Will call the pigs to feasts.

MOUNT RAINIER.

The mighty mountain of the Sound
Looked down upon the forest round;
Solemn and still a guard he stood,
Between Columbia's might flood
And Fraser's winding golden stream—
The farmer's home, the miner's dream.

His whitened locks blow in the wind,
And with the blue of heaven blend.
He stands with nothing round to hide—
His tall fir bayonets beside—
And calmly looks upon the world,
(His only rival, flags unfurled)
Who with the noisy, hoyden day
Will sport the fleeting hours away.

He stands mid mountain troop around,
Supinely on them looking down,
Goliath great among the host,
Supreme he rules, nor needs to boast,
For all can see with wondering eyes
The silent mountain pierce the skies—
Can see his pale and silent face,
With frown look down on endless space
As though in meditation deep,
Or wrapt in dreams of daylight sleep.

His form so great that he must know
To move would crush the world below;
For though austere and boding harm,
His heart within is throbbing warm.
With silent care he broodeth o'er
The sleeping world along the shore;
He stands above with brow so white
The sentinel of solemn night.

With busy day he saw begin
The toils of men and strife and din;
The cities of the winding Sound
Among the forest scattered round;
With eager blush the guiling dawn,
The world from silent slumber drawn.

He saw the world with twilight part;
Their kisses seemed to touch his heart.
Across his austere visage came
A rosy blush, but not of shame,
For well he knew the bitterness
Which made their loving pleasures less,
The sorrow which within them passed
That their sweet meeting could not last;
The somber night must separate
The lovers e'er the hour grew late.

And so we love our mountain grand,
The noblest in all the land,
Who towers beside the western sea,
Where all the passing world may see;
Who always at his post is found,
The sentinel of Puget Sound.

TRILLIUM.

Wakerobin dressed in white and green
Came out on Easter day,
As fair a flower as e'er was seen
By glade or woodland way.
Her bonnet white spread out upon
A robe of royal green,
Her amber throat rich nestling
The wax-like leaves between.

We gather from among the moss
This lovely Easter flower,
Which turns the brown of early spring
Into a fairy bower.
She comes before the other blossoms
Dare to face the blast,
To welcome back the birds who sing
While gaily flitting past.

As spring grows old and roses bud
And summer days draw nigh,
She dons a purple bonnet,
And spring bids us good-bye.
But wakerobin we'll ne'er forget
While welcoming newer flowers,
For she it was, mid frosts of spring
Made glad this world of ours.

JUST ON BEFORE.

When ills crowd on us fast and sure—
That human flesh can scarce endure,
For present woes we see the cure—
Just on before.

Just on before the way is bright—
Time promises for our delight,
That everything shall be made right—
Just on before.

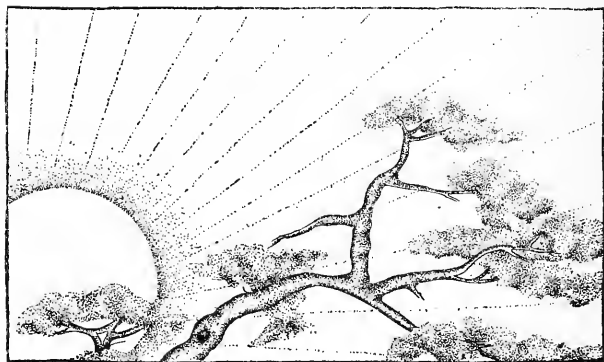
Just on before the fields are green—
Sweet Hope makes short the way between
Our vision and the wooing scene—
Just on before.

Just on before the skies are blue—
No clouds o'ershade or tempests brew,
Our dreams of happiness come true—
Just on before.

Just on before is wealth and ease—
Mid blooming flowers and verdant trees,
And everything to cheer and please—
Just on before.

Just on before is always fair—
Whatever sorrows now we share;
The future's filled with promise rare—
Just on before.

Just on before is Paradise,
And to its shores my spirit flies—
Its joys will cheer my weary eyes—
Just on before.



S. J. Anthony.



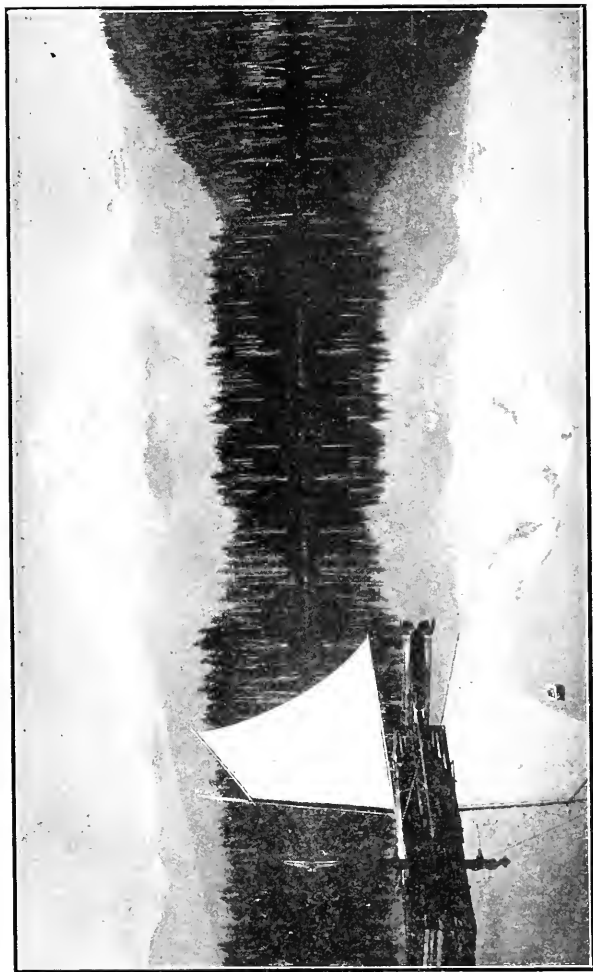
FORT WRIGHT, SPOKANE.



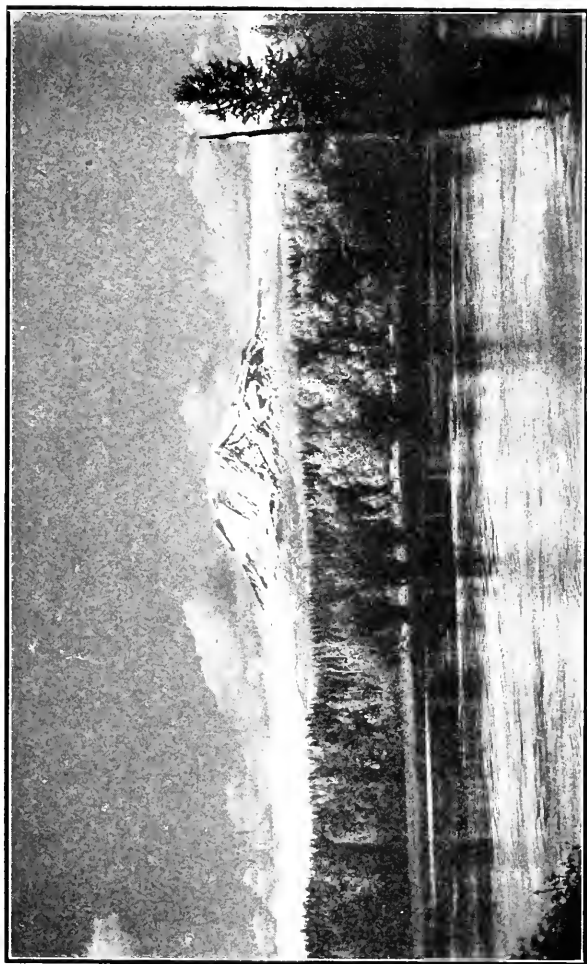
REVILLE ISLAND, WHATCOM.



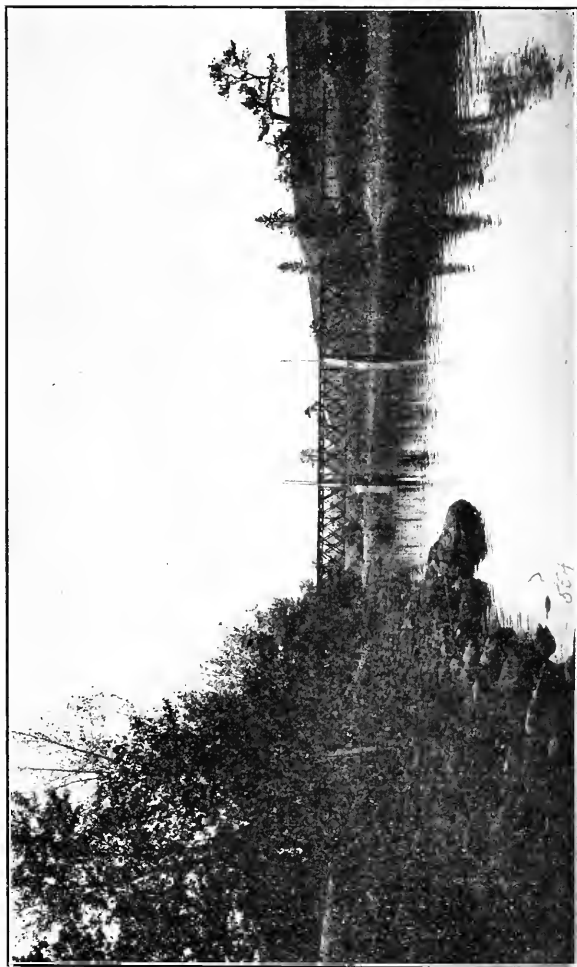
NORTHWEST CORNER OF THE UNITED STATES.



MT. BAKER'S LOOKING GLASS.



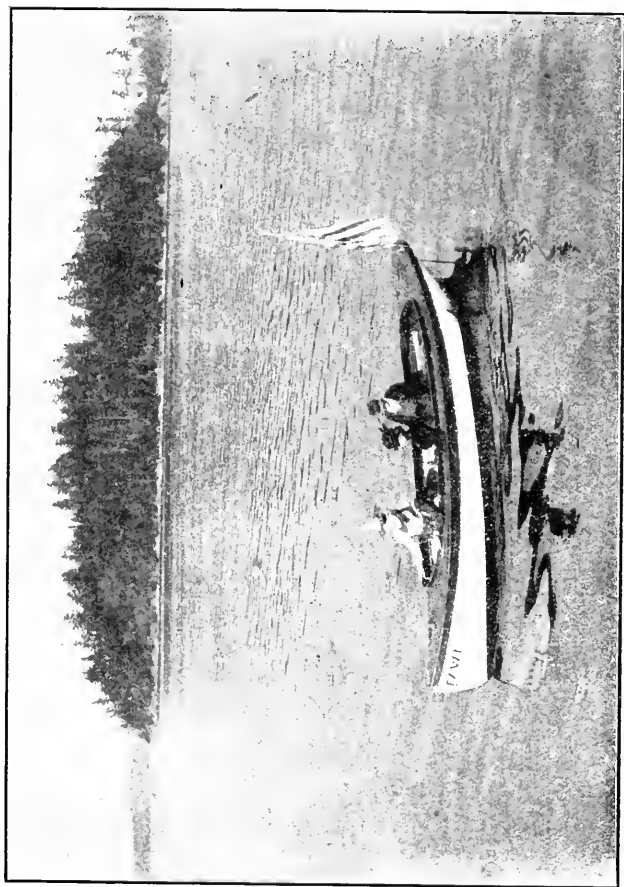
MT. ADAMS, WASHINGTON'S SECOND MOUNTAIN.



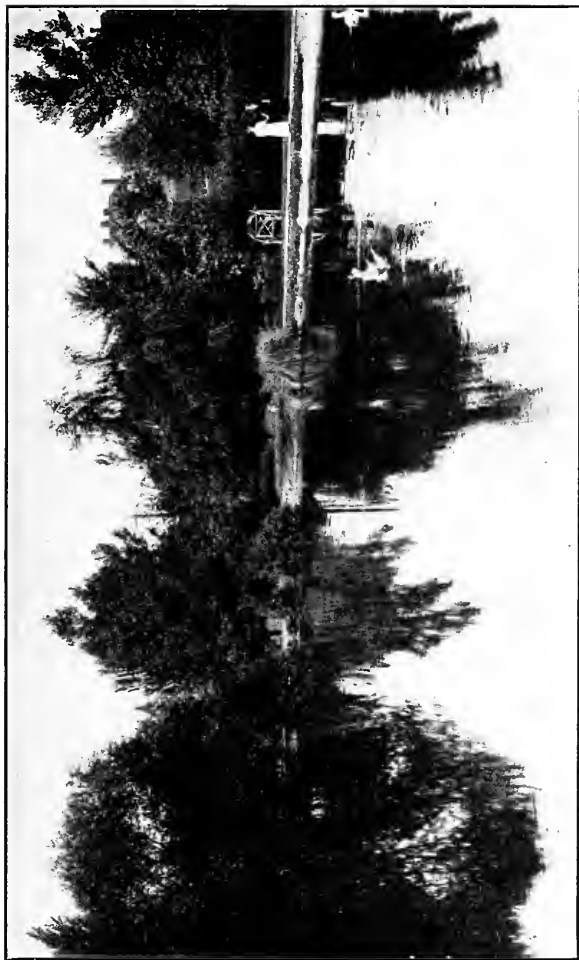
ON SPOKANE RIVER.



STARS OF THE MOUNTAINS.



BROWN'S ISLAND, PUGET SOUND.



ANNA WRIGHT PARK, TACOMA.

2017

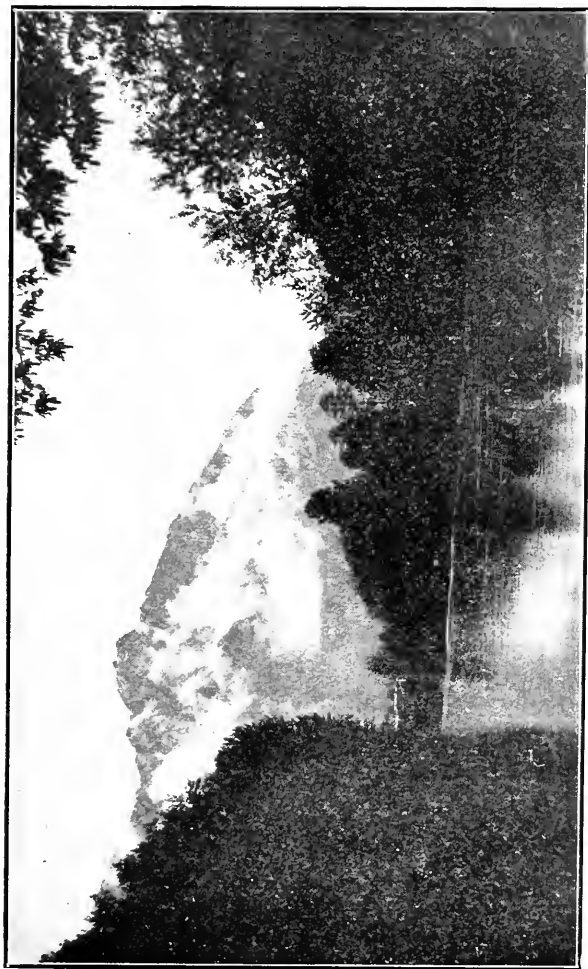
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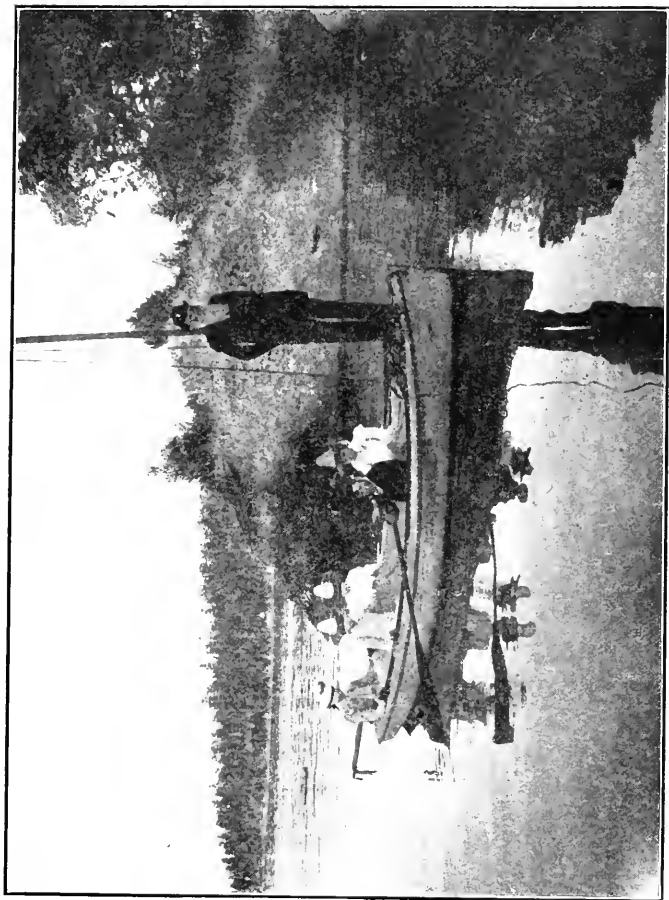
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MT. OY, SNOQUALMIE RIVER.



IDLE WILDE AT FRIDAY HARBOR.



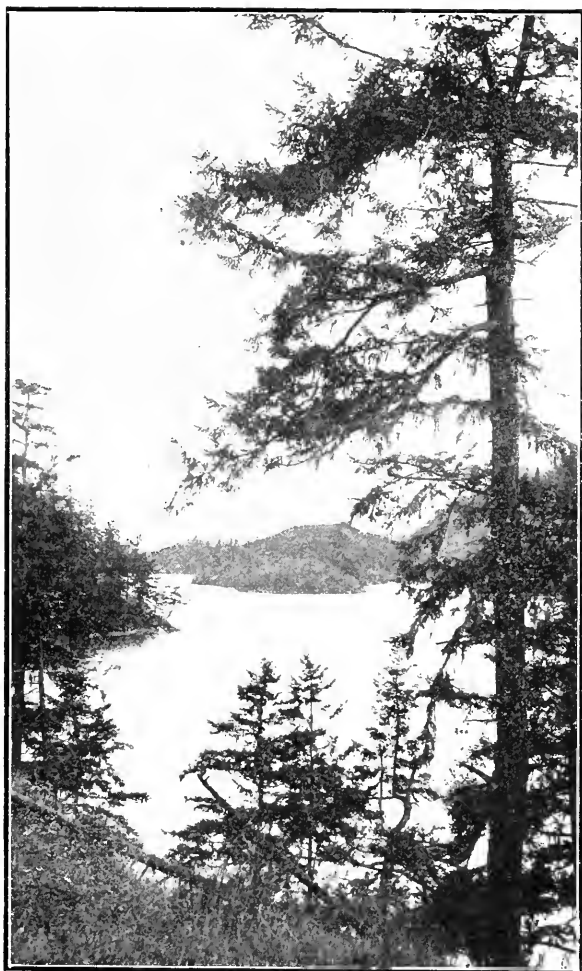


IN WOODLAND PARK, SEATTLE.

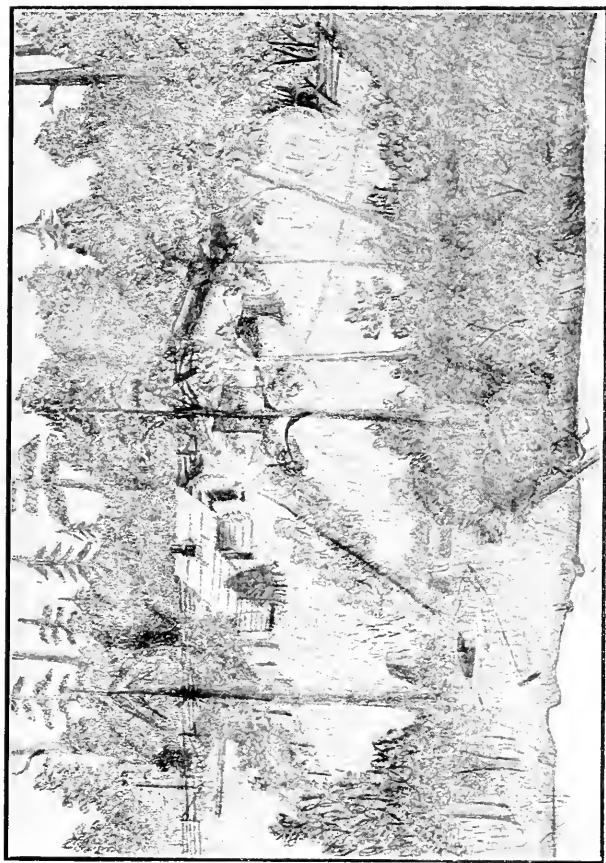




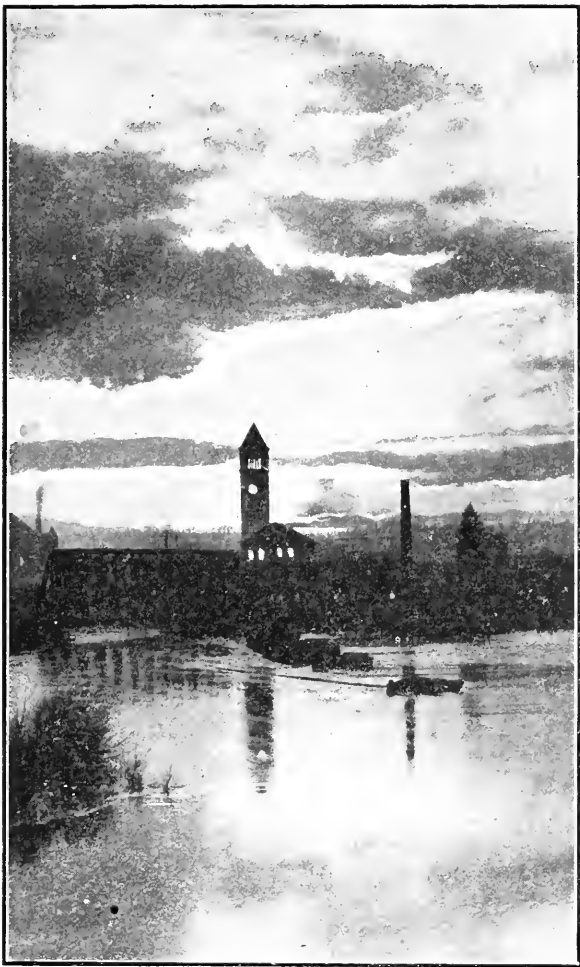
SOME TRAVELLERS FROM ALASKA.



SMULK BAY, PUGET SOUND.



THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.



MOONLIGHT IN SPOKANE.

WINTER.

Winter is nothing—just a little more rain
To give us a longing for sunshine again.
The clouds hanging low over mountain and hill
Only come to refresh and the hungry earth fill.

No frost bitten ears or feet frozen sore,
But just enough cold to delight in the roar
Of the bark fire piled high in the chimney wide,
While we sit in the glow the fireplace beside.

The snows on the mountains, the clouds on the hills
Which furnish supply for the rivers and rills;
The evergreens darkened, the leaves blown away
From the alder and maple and vine maple gay.

The frosts of the mornings, the skies overcast,
Chinooks blowing warm from the ocean their blast,
The cellars and barns piled high with their store,
Are the signs that 'tis winter on the evergreen shore.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

Oh, come, my daughter, come with me to the coasts of
 evergreen,
Where the broad Pacific laves the shore, and the tall white
 ships are seen ;
Where snow-capped mountains pierce the skies by the side
 of crystal lakes,
And the wind among the balsam boughs celestial music
 makes ;
Where gold and silver mountains ring with the miners'
 pick and spade,
And the water fowl skims on the lake and the deer leaps
 in the glade.

Oh, come where Puget Sound winds in among a thousand
 isles,
Where cots and villages nestling stand, and bounteous
 nature smiles.
Where the tall fir trees make green the tide, as it ebbs
 among the hills,
And mountain lakes pour out their floods in a hundred
 tumbling rills.
Where cities fair with their hum and stir beside their
 busy bays,
Send out their ships with steam and sail in many ocean
 ways.

Oh, come to the fields of Washington, where grows the
golden wheat,
And where in the iron mountain's breast the coal rests
'neath our feet;
And the sawmills hum and the canners come with their
treasures of the deep,
And the soft winds sing in the evergreens, lulling us to
sleep.

Oh, come where the sun bathes in the west when the day-
light hours grow late;
Where the lion of the sea basks warm by the side of the
Golden Gate,
And the gray gulls scream in mad delight as the ocean
ships go out,
At the table spread with lavish hands on the evening
waves about.

Oh, come where the salmon leaps with glee in the glorious
summer sun,
And flashes his silver armor bright in the vigor of his fun.
Where the halibut in the peaceful calm of his ocean pas-
ture deep,
Jerks taut the line of the fisherman with the vim of his
mighty leap.

Oh, come where the palm trees fringe the shores of the
mighty golden state,

And the grapes and oranges hang rich and hungry pickers
wait,

Or where the walrus churns the sea and blows his trumpet
loud ;

Where the bright-eyed, furry-coated seal the Alaska is-
lands crowd,

Or where a host of towering peaks are mirrored in the
sea,

Where the mighty whale makes the ocean boil like a
monster pot of tea.

Where the icebergs float on the Arctic stream, like crystal
mountains bright,

Or mighty ghosts with silent tread gliding by in the
misty night.

Come where the stream of Oregon from the mighty moun-
tains flows,

Among the fields and happy homes where the prune and
apple grows,

And where the grain and grass grow high by the side of
the winding stream,

And in their plenteous comfort there the sheep and cattle
dream ;

Or where the mighty Columbia pours out its mountain
flood

To buffet back with sweeping hands the foaming ocean
rude.

Oh, come with me to the gladsome isle where the royal
city stands,
Or where the Fraser river flows down over its golden
sands;
Where the Union Jack floats over fields as rich as Eden
was,
And offers, free from disease and woe, an enchanted home
to us.

Oh, come to Alaska's mystic wild—to the outposts of
Chinook,
Where the light bidarke skims the waves while the silent
mountains look;
Where the firs and cedars fringe the shores and the Yukon
sweeps the vales,
Where wealth awaits the pick and plow and labor never
fails.

Oh, come, oh, come, my daughter dear, to the coasts of
evergreen,
Where nature fair the whole year through in a verdant
robe is seen;
And the soft Chinook with gentle touch comes out of the
warm southwest
And draws for all a rich supply from Nature's bounteous
breast.

Oh, come, then, come, and make our home where a soft
and gentle clime
Makes the blood glide smoothly through one's veins and
the pulses beat in time;
Where everything makes glad the heart and rests the
weary eye,
And we can live in joy and peace while the happy days go
by.

MT. ST. ELIAS.*

Gray peak of the north, majestic ye stand,
Silent alone in your solitude grand.
Mount St. Elias, Father of Gold,
A guard to the glittering path to the cold.

Your fires have died
And your rocks are cold,
But your veins are asparkle
With glittering gold.
Your fingers reach out
To the north and the south
To touch as with magic
The aged and the youth.

Your yellow veins flow
From the fields of the sun;
Through the hills
Of the new El'd Orado they run.
But the heart which supplies them
Is hid in your breast,
Whence the arteries flow
To the east and the west.

Nature's crucibles melted your coffers to fill
With treasures you lavish the world at your will;
You stand by the path to the realms of cold—
Mt. St. Elias, Father of gold.

*Written and published in 1888.



GOOD MORNING, OREGON!

THE STREAM OF OREGON.

I am resting, sweetly resting on the placid sea of years
Where are no distressful longings and we shed no bitter
tears;

In my rose-embowered cottage while the time is gliding on
In the shadow of the mountains by the stream of Oregon.

In the sunshine of the springtime when the soft chinook
has come,

And the silent woods are gleaming with the waxen trillium,

And the looms of nature's weavers have their carpeting
begun,

I am glad I am a dweller by the stream of Oregon.

When the bowing fairy lily flecks the meadow o'er with
white,

And the air, so soft and balmy fills my spirit with delight,
Like the lambs within the pasture I would skip and dance
in fun

O'er the slopes within the valley by the stream of Oregon.

When the sanguine flowering currant paints each verdant
copse with blood,

And the blushing salmon berry shows its stars within
the wood,

And the yellow dandelion's shining in the mellow sun.

We are happy in our cottage by the stream of Oregon.

When the dogwood flowers are painted and hung among
the trees
With their broad and milky petals catching at the pass-
ing breeze,
And the snowy sweet syringa scents the very brooks that
run,
It is ecstasy to wander by the stream of Oregon.

When the roses glow in June time all along the fences
high,
And modest blue forget-me-nots reflect the summer sky,
And mysterious mountain magnets are repressless wooing
one,
I am glad my home is nestling by the stream of Oregon.

When the purple clover blossoms mingle with the meadow
green
And have spread a royal vesture over all the summer
scene,
When the hay is sweetly curing in the glowing noonday
sun,
Then the air is full of fragrance by the stream of Oregon.

When the bachelor button flecks like stars the pastures
wide,
And the cheerful purple iris adorns the roadway side,
And the white cinotheus blossoms the verdant hills upon,
It is sweet to have our dwelling by the stream of Oregon.

When the glorious vine maple paints the hills with brilliant hues,
And the harvest time is over, and the bare feet seek their shoes,
And the snowy mountains glisten with the web the frost has spun
There is plenty in the valley of the stream of Oregon.

So in comfort by the fireside of my cottage I will sit,
Looking o'er the fields and orchards of the flowing Willamette;
And I'll thank the Glorious Giver, when the course of life is run,
That my lines were laid in pleasure by the stream of Oregon.



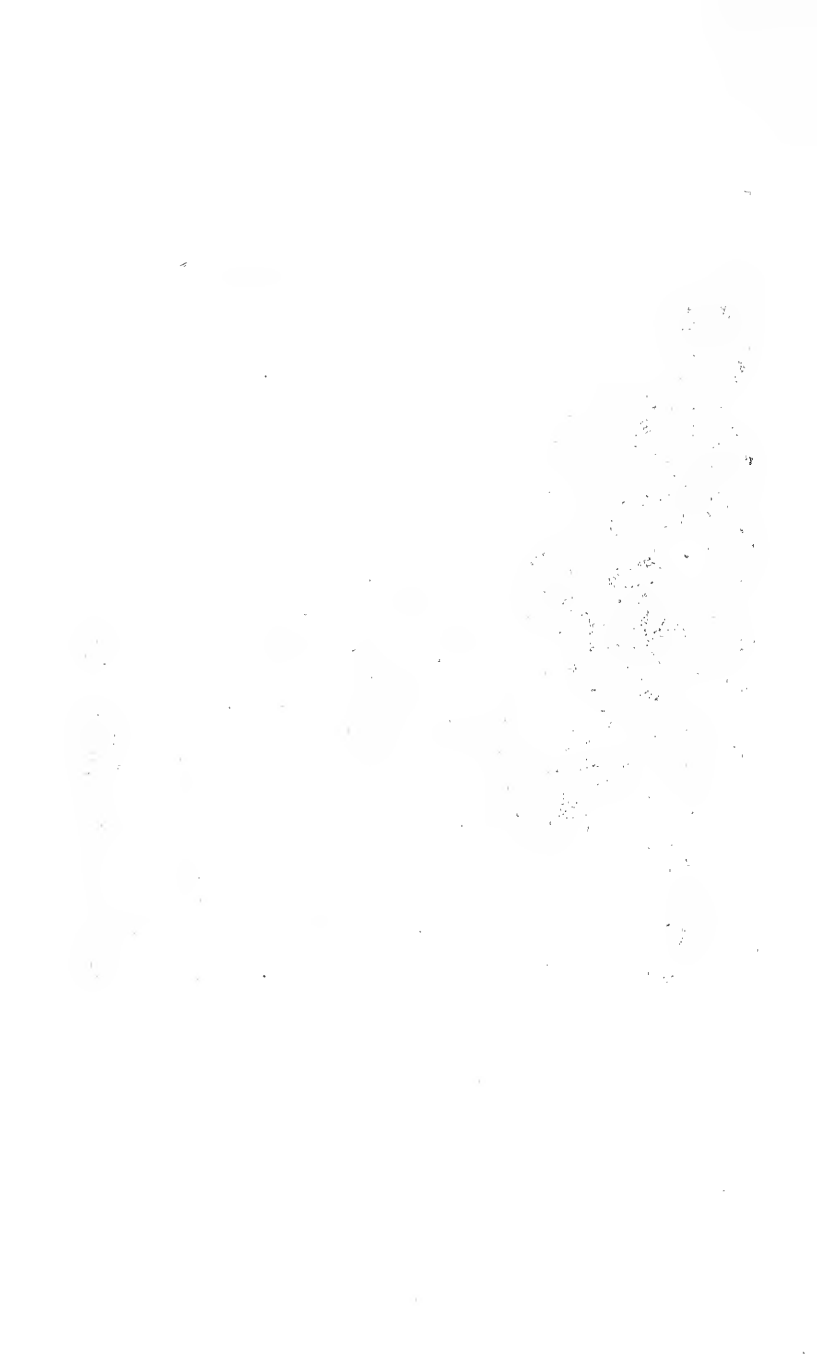
VICTORIA ARM.

Oh, I long to follow your winding way
To the depths of the forest some beautiful day;
To sit in my boat with my oars dipped deep,
And pull to the nooks where your dark waters sleep;
To watch (while the whistling whirlpools go by
In our pathway of bubbles reflecting the sky)
The mansions and cottages nestling among
Such scenes as the poets most often have sung;
Where the lawns sloping down to your waters are seen,
And are clothing your borders in carpets of green;
Where the rocks brown and mossy are washed by your
stream,
And basking in sunlight the gulls ever dream.

I would bend to my oars, and my boat it should go
With the foam on its bow like a drift in the snow,
To some spot in your shade where in languor I'd lie
With my hat o'er my eyes and look up at the sky,
And dream of some fairy land picture afar,
Where scenes ever tranquil and rapturous are;
Or swing at my painter in some sheltered nook
While I bury my mind in the leaves of a book.
Or go to the grounds where the picnickers meet
To waste summer hours with frolicking feet.
To your gorge I would go where waters rush through



LITTLE MISS BRITISH COLUMBIA AMONG THE FERNS.



And my boat cleaves the tide like the shaft from a bow,
And then floating in on the flood I would dream
Where pastures and meadows come down to your stream;
Where the farmhouse and orchard entrancingly glide
On our view as we lazily drift with the tide,
Where the forest-fringed lake lies sleeping before
Its mirror all green from the trees on the shore.

Oh, a day on your bosom, my pride and my love,
Is a day stolen down from the ether above,
And if I for your joys must the penalty pay,
Then a word of complaining I never shall say,
But gladly I'll plead to the thrall of your charm,
To the hours of delight on thee, beautiful Arm.



THE SMILER WHO COUNTS.

The man who will smile when he's having good luck
And his neighbors are kind and polite
Is all very well for a sunshiny day,
And his jokes and his smiles are all right.
But the smiler who counts is the one who can smile
When luck isn't coming his way,
Who can keep just as sweet when he hasn't a cent
And be cheerful on one meal a day,
Who says "excuse me!" when you step on his corns,
And laughs when you cannot agree.
Is always the same in good or bad luck
And whatever the weather may be.



SWEET MEMORY, SNOQUALMIE.

SNOQUALMIE.

Oh come, my friend, and follow me,
Where plays the stream Snoqualmie,
Where o'er the cliffs the waters flow,
Mad leaping to the rocks below,
And snowy mists the breezes blow,
Where now my dreams are calling me.

Come, then, my friend, and follow me,
Where plays the stream Snoqualmie,
So great its noise that all is still,
In vale and forest, rock and hill,
And hurling waters drown my will
Where now my dreams are calling me.

Come, come, my friend, and follow me,
Where plays the stream Snoqualmie,
Its raging waters madly tossed,
And other sounds all dead and lost,
And lips give but a sound at most,
Where now my dreams are calling me.

Then come, my friend, and follow me,
Where plays the stream Snoqualmie,
With me today and pass an hour,
Lost where a world of waters roar,
As plunging from the rocks they pour,
Where now my dreams are calling me.

Oh, come, then, come, and follow me,
Where plays the stream Snoqualmie,
Upon the bough the screeching jay
Is like to drive my dreams away,
Unless you come with me today,
Where now my dreams are calling me.



THE HOMESICK PROSPECTOR.

Oh lady of the Golden State,
With kindness smiling in your face,
With eye of blue and form of grace.
Can I forget though frowning fate
Has lead me far, oh, far away?

Can I forget the cooling cup
You gave me on that weary day,
I plodded lone along the way?
My lips were longing for the sup
A little deed not soon forgot.

The way has long and weary been,
I sought thy bars Mokelumne,
Or washed thy sands Tuelumne,
I've many lonely moments seen
Far from the shores of evergreen.

The world is all a snowdrift here;
From Tia Juana San Joaquin,
Or Mono I shall never wean;
Tulare, Tule, all, all, are dear,
In this snow bound New England home.

Why did the old man ever roam
 (Oh, fair Kaweah and Tahoe)
From evergreen to endless snow,
Thus backward from his sunset home,
 To pine unceasingly for thee?

Life will a salty pillar be,
 Chehalem, Klamath, Coquille
 Labish, Umpqua and Owyhee
And Walla Walla Nestache,
 For the old man, so far away.

Sylvan Shannitch and Wapato,
 Chehalis and fair Pend d'Oreille,
 That I from thee so far should stray,
Where thunders roll and cyclones blow;
 The old man will be back again.

Multnomah, Samish, Yakima,
 Dosewallips, tumbling Quillaute,
 None shall my love for thee dispute,
Whatcom, Chelan and Willapa,
 Thy placid bosoms I would float.

Nicola, Tumtum, Chilukwyuk
 Stikine and Illecillewaet,
 Skena, Sumas and Lillooet,
Once more I'd bend my winding track
 To thee for yellow hidden dust.

Even Alaska's far Yukon,
 Winding Kowak or cold Naatak,
 Or blue and sleeping Nushagak,
Were fairer than the frozen sun
 Which shivers o'er this world of snow.

The old homestead is not the same,
 About it nothing-quite so dear
 As the warm hearts who brought me here;
Nothing familiar but the name,
 With fifty years on me and it.

Love cannot drive the gloom away,
 I long to hear the breakers roar
 Upon the ever vernal shore
The afternoon of life I'd stay
 Where gently blows the soft Chinook.

I long thy mountains near to be,
 Where wind their deep and dreamy shades,
 Sierra Nevada and Cascades,
Shining in glittering sheen for me,
 A wall 'gainst predatory frosts.

I'm coming, coasts of evergreen,
 Prepare my cabin by the bay,
 Where leaps the salmon in his play;
Nieces and nephews cannot ween;
 By thee the old man's dust shall lie.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

"Where is the Golden Gate, Mamma?"
Asked little Jane, in tones of awe,
"Is there a really truly gate,
"Like ours, where we all go to wait
"For papa, when he's been at work,
"And then comes home before its dark?"

"The Golden Gate," said Mamma, "is where
"Saint Peter waits at the top of the stair,
"And welcomes in the true and good
"(Who have done on earth just as they should)
"To the glad green fields of Paradise,
"Where everything is pure and nice."

"Oh, yes, I know," said the little one,
"That's away in heaven above the sun,
"But isn't there one somewhere more near,
"And not so far away from here?
"It seems to me that sister Kate
"Told the other day of a golden gate
"Where people live in a big, big town,
"At a place where they say the sun goes down;
"And where there are ships and mountains, too,
"A city of houses, really and true."

Said Mamma, "you dear old fashioned child,"
While she kissed the little one and smiled :
"There is a Golden Gate, my dear,
"Where the skies are soft all through the year ;
"Where the rivers and sea played basket ball
"In the rocks and sand and broke the wall,
"And piled the barriers aside,
"And were helped in their work by the wind and tide.
"They made a gate for the singing sea
"To come inside in gladsome glee
"And play with the rivers twice each day
"At the place where the ocean lions stay.

"The Spanish galleons passing by,
"Sailed far away under southern sky,
"In a mad, mad search for glittering spoil,
"The fruits of others' weary toil.
"They scanned the shores of the Golden State,
"But missed in their search its big front gate.

"But where is the Golden Gate?" again
In eager accents queried Jane.
"Oh, the Golden Gate is far away
"On the shores of California,
"Where the poppies shine like yellow suns,
"Upon the flowery summer dunes ;
"And when the palm and the orange trees
"Drop sweet perfumes upon the breeze ;

"And the blood of the luscious grape is shed,
"In a flowing stream of rich, rich red.

"But about the gate, oh, Mamma, say
"Do tell me, please, and right away."

"Oh, the Golden Gate you could not climb
"To wait for Papa at evening time,
"Nor could you swing when it opened wide,
"Upon the top of its flowing tide,
"The gate is not of gold, my dear,
"But the sands of the flowing rivers were,
"And so they called it the Golden Gate,
"For it leads to the gold of the Golden State,
"And when the sun sets in the sea,
"And his face looks through where the gate should be
"The waves with a splendor glow unfold
"In the sunset like a sea of gold;
"And the place is always open wide,
"For the gliding ships on the glowing tide,
"And this, my dear, is the magic gate
"Which leads to the fields of the Golden State.

TRYING TO FORGET.

Oh, those little feet, how quickly all about the place
they'd go,
From the kitchen to the chamber and the cellar down
below,
To the barn and to the orchard, to the milk house and
the spring,
For our daughter, aged four, must have a hand in every-
thing.

If the day was set for baking she was surely making
bread,
If the churning was made ready she'd become a dairy
maid.
If old Ginger horse was harnessed and taken from his
stall,
It must surely be to give a ride to Eva and her doll.

But one day they took our darling to the city on the hill,
Where the streets are sad and solemn and the houses
always still,
Where the inmates never answer to the low and pleading
cry
At the doorway of their dwellings where they ever silent
lie.

They cleared away the baby's things while we were gone
that day,

To kindly help us to forget in such a simple way,
But when the house we entered it was so lone and still
That nothing came into our thoughts but Eva on the hill.

Then at evening, in the gloaming, of the "now I lay me"
time,

To support us in our awful grief required support of
Him.

When we missed the little cradle sitting close beside our
bed,

Which so long had pillowed sweetly angel face and
fluffy head.

While the milking and the churning and the baking must
be done,

Just the same as when our darling came to help at every
one,

The little loaves were missing and the bitter tears would
drop,

And I mourned, while milking mooley, for the little wait-
ing cup.

But the thing which broke me up the most, when I was
all alone,

And getting out old Ginger when a lonely week had
gone,

Was a little ragged dolly down by the manger side,
Where our baby girl had dropped it when last she took
a ride.

Oh, that yellow-headed dolly, which her little hands had
held,
How it flowed my cup of sorrow already more than
filled
As tenderly I gathered up the soiled and tattered thing
It seemed that I must almost hear the merry laughter
ring.

But the weary days have lengthened into slowly moving
years
Hopes for future joys and brightness take the place of
'gretful tears,
And the summer land of gladness with our baby 'mid the
flowers.
With its peaceful rippling waters we believe will soon
be ours.



SUMMER.

Our summer comes from Paradise to stay a little while
Each year, to warm earth, air and sky and make all nature
smile.

The summer winds blow gently on the coasts of ever-
green,

The summer sun he seldom cares to show his power I
ween,

And if he does, old ocean blows a breath across his sword,
And takes the temper from his blade, and frights his fiery
horde.

Our summer is a memory of loveliness and joy,
Which winter with his mists and rains can never quite
destroy.

And so we cast our lot upon the coast of evergreen,
And breathe the ozone nonpareil which makes our senses
keen.

The pleasures of the season our every want supplies,
Until we have small longing for another Paradise.

AUTUMN.

Weeping, weeping, ever weeping
For the joys of summer gone;
Frowning, frowning skies are frowning
O'er delights which now are done.

Weeping, frowning on the outside,
Glowing, smiling still within
For the fruits of summer bounteous
Stored away in barn and bin.

Faces washed with showers from heaven,
Smiling pansies greet the morn;
Freshened by the autumn rain drops,
Roses still the lawn adorn.

From the maples and the alders
Autumn leaves are falling, falling;
Shrill, in noisy mass assembled,
From the shores the gulls are calling.

O'er the bay float shrill "cla-how-yas"
Through the dusk from feathered throats,
While the winged armies gather
With their loud discordant notes.

Softly glows and gleams the firelight
From the hearth with gladening cheer,
Bringing welcomed consolation
Comforting the aging year.

NO TIME.

"No time! no time! no time! no time!"

I hear it everywhere I go.

How sad it is there is no time

For hurrying mortals here below.

No time to read the daily news,

No time to even stop and think.

No time for courtesy or care,

And hardly time to eat and drink.

No time, no time for anything,

But making dollars day by day.

Nothing can stop the mad career,

Unless we think 'twill surely pay.

No time to heed our neighbors' woes,

Or listen to a plaintive cry.

No time to stop and look toward heaven,

Or think upon eternity.

No time! no time! no time! no time!

Is the excuse for all neglect,

When some one would a moment claim

To whose intrusion we object.

There is a day when we'll have time,

And this excuse will not apply,

For if we can't get time to live,

We'll surely all take time to die.

CONTENT.

It rained, and rained, and rained, and rained
On the west side of the range,
But Content just smiled at the weeping clouds
And never thought it strange.

She looked about her on the fields
And saw how green they were,
And the south wind blew the clouds apart
And the bright sun smiled at her.

And the song which was singing in her heart
Came bubbling from her lips,
While rain gems sparkled in the sun
On the dripping maple tips.

The sage brush grew and the gray dust blew
And the sun shone every day
On the land to the east of the mountain peaks
Till the hills grew dry and gray.

But Content just smiled and worked and sang,
While above the mad sun rolled,
And she said that the reapers in the field
Were boats in a sea of gold.

MR. LAZY AND I.

Mr. Lazy and I are pretty good friends,
Though we don't quite always agree,
But I favor him a great deal sometimes,
And sometimes he favors me.

In the morning, when I know its time to get up
Mr. Lazy had rather lie still;
He stretches his legs, rolls over and groans,
And says when he's rested he will.

He is dreading the job, when he rolls out of bed,
Of putting himself in his clothes,
If he pulls himself out of the blankets so warm
He will then have to dress him he knows.

Through the day in the shade Mr. Lazy would sit
With the hoe hanging up on a limb,
Or possibly yawn and drop off in a nap
If I did not reason with him.

In the twilight at night when the day's work is
done
And the hour has come to retire,
Mr. Lazy, who finds it a task to undress,
Falls asleep in his chair by the fire.

And so I must reason with him every day
On each little thing that is done,
But doubtless you'll be quite astonished to know
When I tell you that we two are one.

LAUGHTER.

Ha! ha! ha!
I can't help it, I'm so full mamma!
Ha! ha! ha!

He! he! he!
How your misfortunes tickle me!
He! he! he!

Haw! haw! haw!
I harrow up your feelings raw!
Haw! haw! haw!

Ho! ho! ho!
If you only knew as much as I know!
Ho! ho! ho!

THE VOICE.

Oh, that still small Voice, how it sobs in the breast
At word, thought or deed that is wrong.
And oh, how it bursts with the glory of heaven,
At the unselfish act, into song.

“Is it best? is it right?” asks the still small Voice
When the tempter suggesteth a way.
Have a care, oh, beware! when the warning comes.
Will the deed for eternity pay?

“Is it all for self? Is it just? is it true?”
Softly asks the still small Voice.
Heed the tender note of the Spirit’s care,
My friend, e’er you make your choice.

Listen to the still small Voice,
It will save you many a track
That will paint your cheek with the blush of shame
As down life’s path you look back.

It will guide you true, it will guide you sure
To the realm of earthly bliss,
And fit you full for eternal joys
In a land which is better than this.

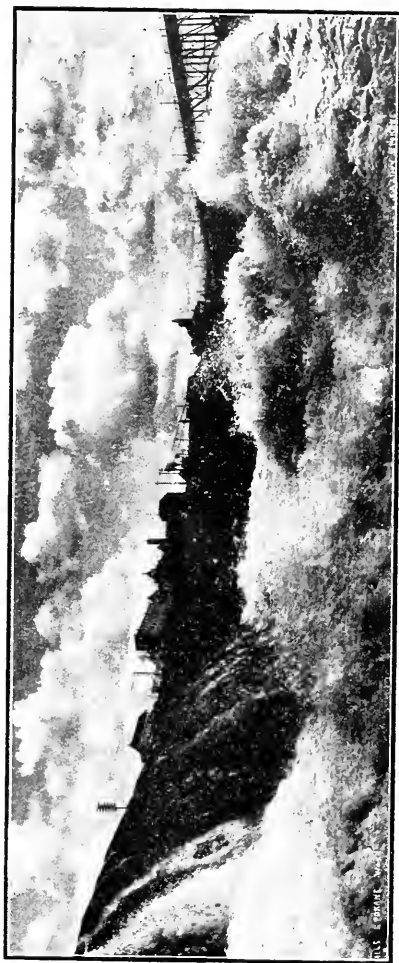
WHEN I GET BIG.

"When I get big," my little Dick said,
"I'll have a singing table and dancing bed."
Emphatic orders from mamma had brought
To the mind of the child this original thought:
She had told him with no uncertain ring
Not to dance on the bed or at table sing.

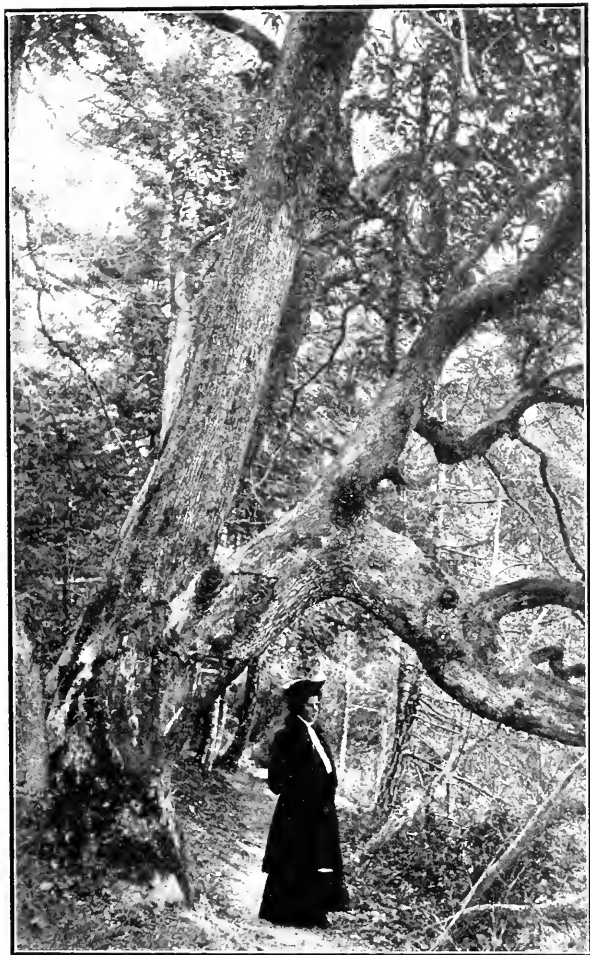
I thought as I listened to the child
And his dream of future joys
The desire of the boy is about as the man's
To be free from life's alloys.
If the average man would open his heart,
And speak like our Dickie so frank,
His words would be something like this, I believe,
A program with anarchy rank:
"If I had my way I'd have a job
Where they didn't have any boss—
Not even a prying proprietor—
Who I was afraid to sass.
I'd go to work whenever I pleased
And quit when I had a mind
I'd take no orders from any one
Or anything of the kind.
When I wanted to run to the window
To watch the parade go by

I'd just drop my work and hike, that's all,
Nor give any reason why.
I'd take a nap if I felt like it,
And I'd come a half an hour late
Whenever I wanted to, and wouldn't get docked,
I think I'd like that first rate.
I'd take an hour and a half for noon,
And sleep in the morning till eight,
If I came half an hour after whistle blew
They would simply have to wait.
I wouldn't have any care at all
And everything should run
Like a happenstance in a guess-so gang
And life would be only fun.

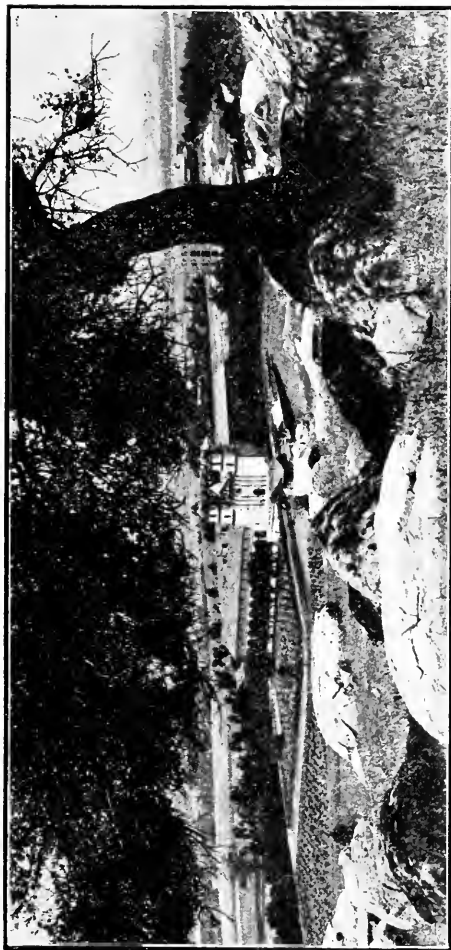




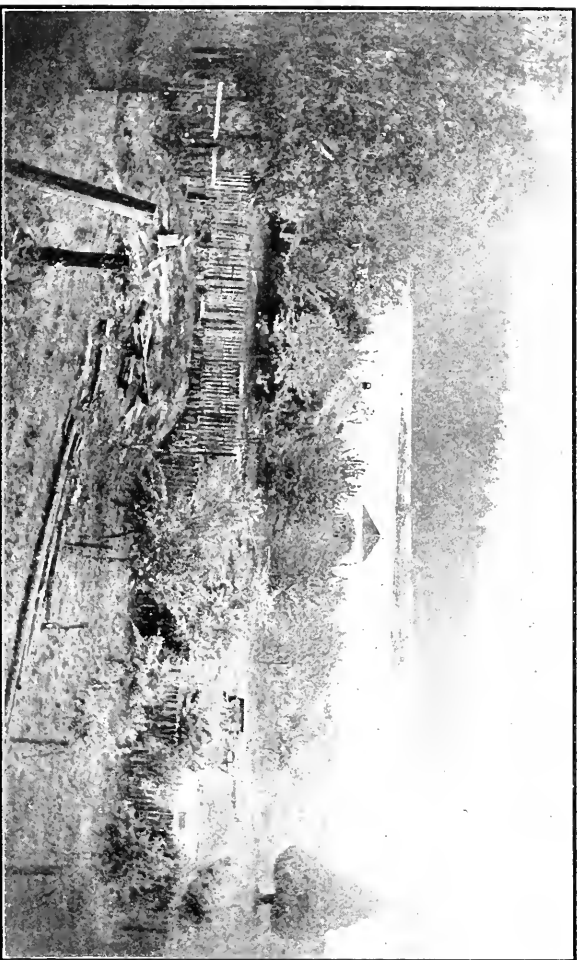
THE HEART OF SPOKANE, WASH.



UNDER THE ARBUTUS TREE AT THE GORGE PARK.



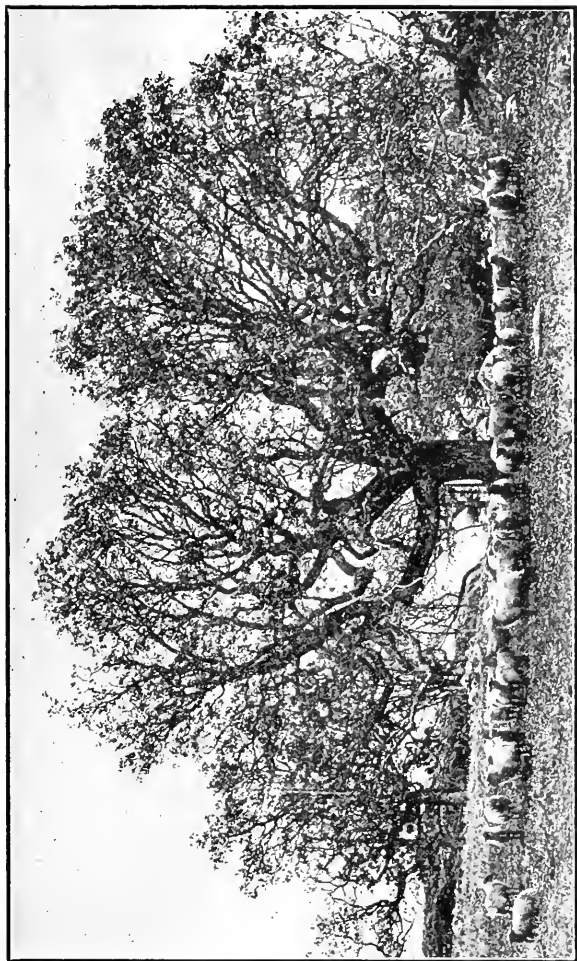
SANTA BARBARA MISSION, CALIFORNIA.



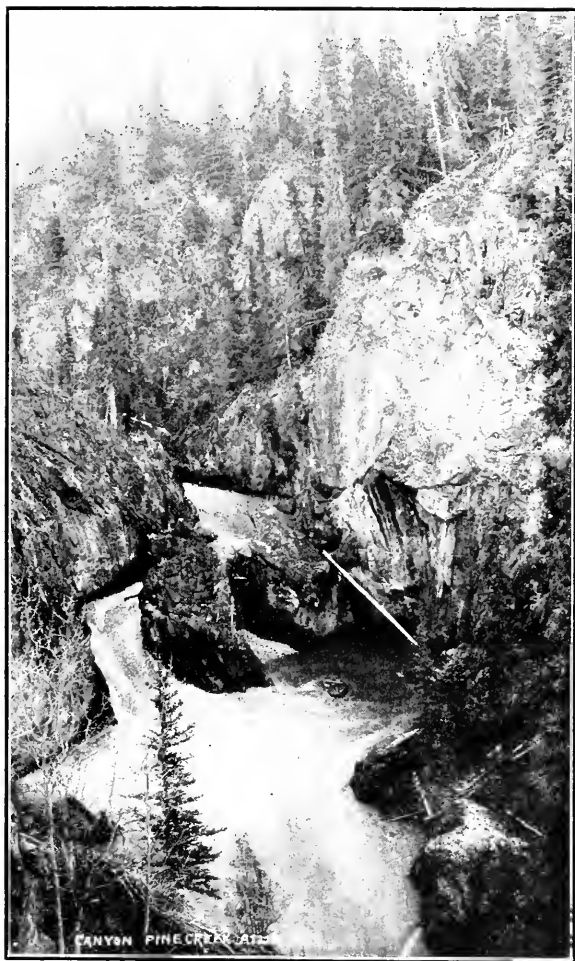
ON SAN JUAN ISLAND, WHERE THE LION AND THE EAGLE WATCHED EACH OTHER.



FRASER RIVER.



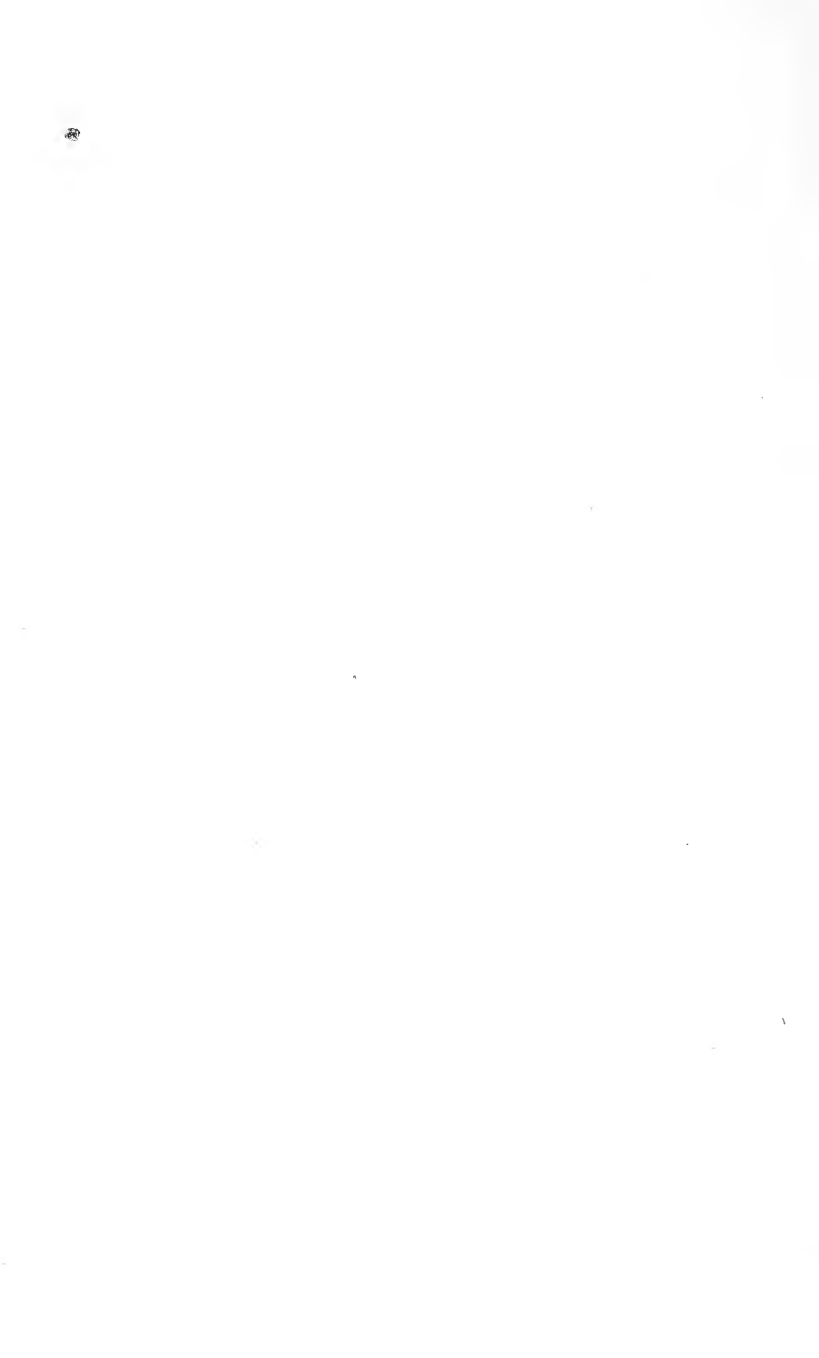
AMONG THE OAKS ON VANCOUVER ISLAND.



PINE CREEK CANYON, ATLIN, B. C.



A FOGGY MORNING.





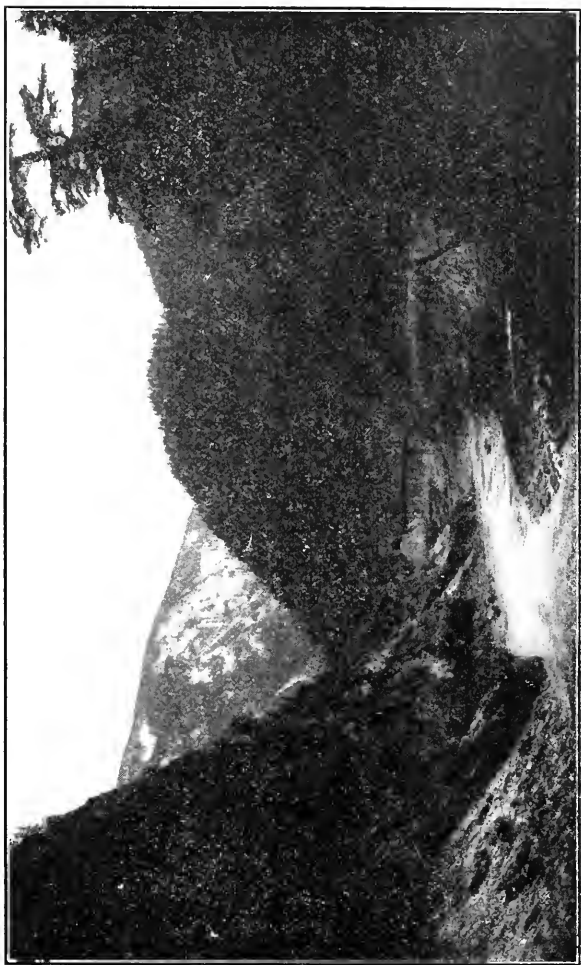
ABOVE THE GORGE ON VICTORIA ARM.



SUNSET AT VANCOUVER.



ENTRANCE TO VANCOUVER HARBOR.

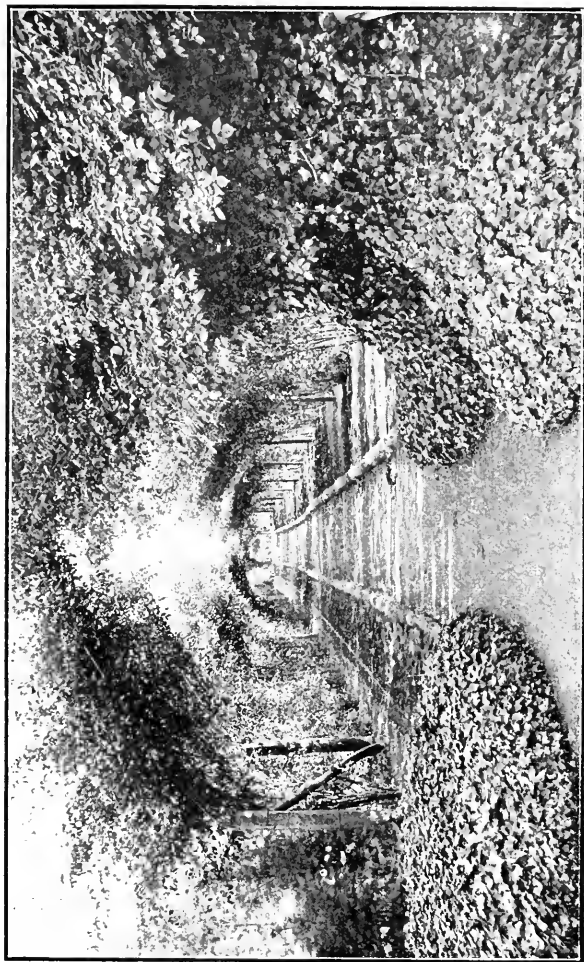


HARRISON RIVER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

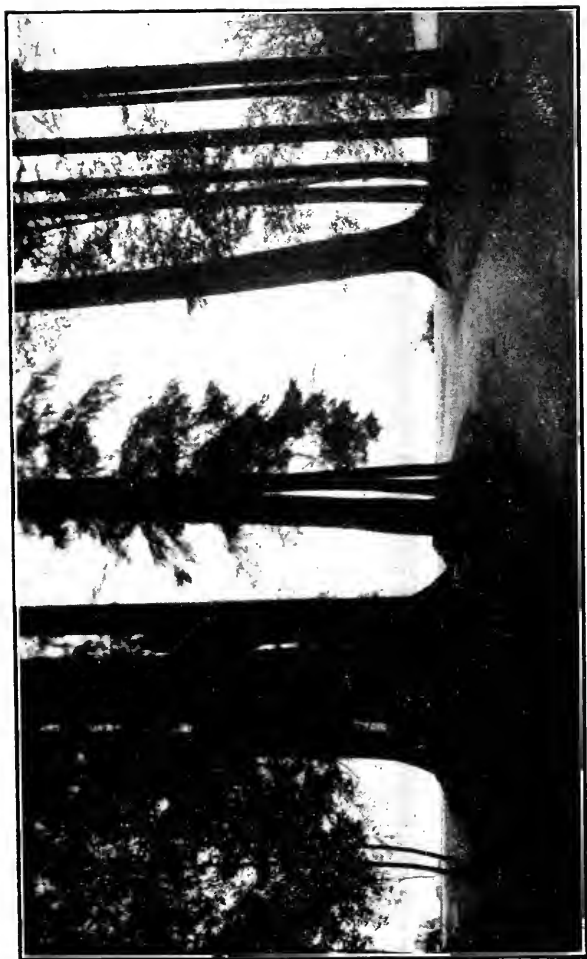


SHAUNIGAN LAKE.

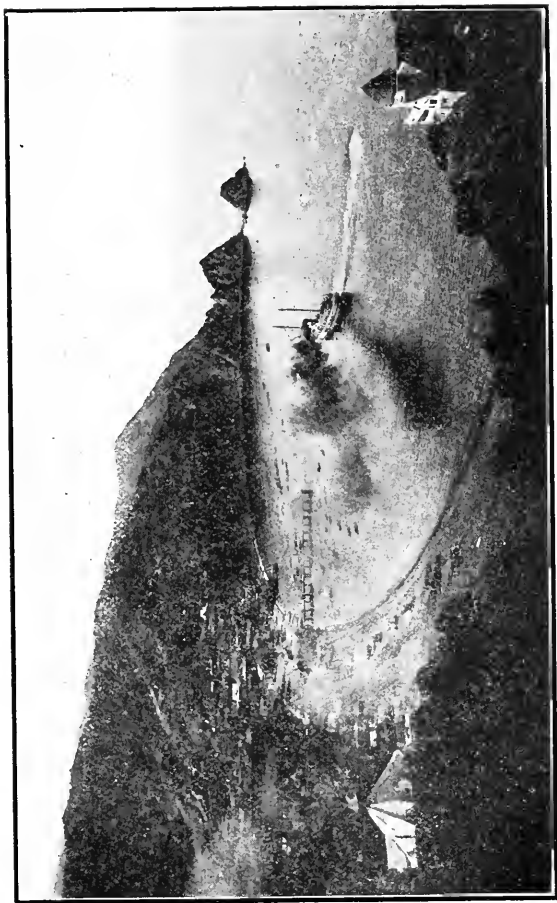




IN POINT DEFIANCE PARK, TACOMA.



IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.



AT AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLANDS, CAL.

MY VERY OWN.

They're kind and good,
They comfort me
 When I am sad and lone,
Their hearts beat warm
In kindly love,
 But they are not my own.

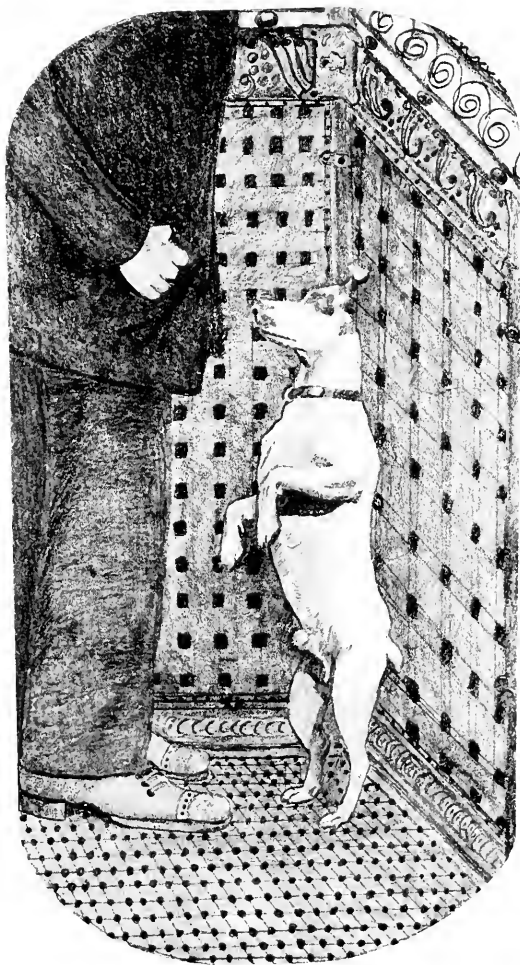
I reap the joys
And cull the flowers,
 Their seeds of kindness sown,
Their friendship's dear—
Their love can cheer
 But they are not my own.

They never cuddled
On my breast
 Their lullabies to croone
Before the firelight's
Ruddy glow,
 For they are not my own.

They by their love
And kindly deeds
 Into my heart have grown,
But there's a void
New friends can't fill—
 They're not my very own.

They may be rich,
They may be fair,
But still my heart has flown
Across the forests,
Hills and streams
To nestle with my own.





TIP.

TIP.

He's the center of attraction for every spectator
As he goes a riding up and down the flying elevator.

The ladies say, "how cunning!"

While the elevator's running,

And they, laughing, miss their floors

While he never says a word.

But he stands up in his corner

Just like little Jacky Horner,

And by complimentary comments

Is not a moment stirred.

He certainly's a dandy

And he's very fond of candy

In the crowded elevator,

He saves his paws so handy

That we think he is a treasure,

While we shake his paw with pleasure,

And take his comic measure:

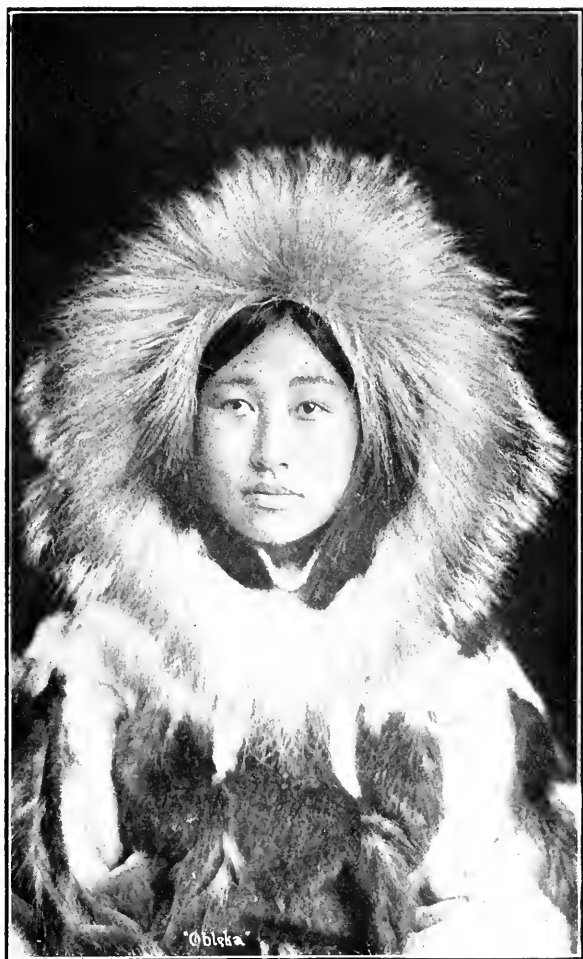
Tip, the elevator dog.

ALASKA.

Blow low, chinook, across the sea,
And kiss Alaska's shores for me.
Play o'er the hills of evergreen,
And paint them with a brighter sheen.
Along the vales blow breath of spring,
While low a thousand pine harps sing.
Make glad, while frozen rivers run,
The golden land of midnight sun.

FLOWERS.

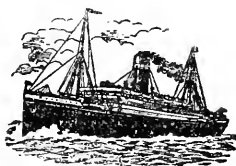
Oh land of beauty and of cheer,
And not of gloomy darkness drear;
The tundras tell chinook has come,
Where glows bright polemonium;
The orchid and the iris gay
Bring brightness to the blooming day.
The yellow poppies tell of gold
Hid 'neath the pregnant teeming mold.
Forget-me-nots look up to skies
As blue as their own constant eyes.
The lilies of the valley gleam
Where marguerites and bluebells dream.
The dainty primrose, violet fair,
All glorify the verdure there;
And many another grace the bowers
Of fair Alaska, land of flowers.



OBIEKA SAYS ALASKA IS A LAND OF FLOWERS.

THE FUTURE.

Blow low, chinook, across the plain,
Where wave the fields of growing grain—
Across the meadows, sweet with hay
Where rings the mower's tuneful lay;
Cross pastures where a thousand kine
Create in thee an open mine,
Where patient reindeer brouse and feed
And willing serve as cow or steed.
A nation's bread shall come from thee
Land of the north, so far and free.



HOMESICK.

I'm homesick when I'm hungry,
No matter where I am;
The cure for my nostalgia
'S a good sized slice of ham,
Or pork and beans, or doughnuts
Like mother used to make;
I could even eat a mess of greens,
Or pie, or jelly cake.

When I'm alone it seems to me
That everything she made
Comes trooping through my memory
From pies to lemonade;
And then I get so homesick
That I could almost die.
Though on my chest there is a load,
Of course I cannot cry.

There's crispy doughnuts smoking hot
Just from the sizzling fat,
And smarkase all mixed up with cream—
A tempting little pat.
There's fruit cakes full of raisins,
And strawberries and cream
And honey and cream biscuits
To make a fellow dream.

And last of all—not least of all—

I know they're not dessert—
Are snowy baked potatoes—

They make my memory hurt—
With butter or cream gravy,
And chicken wings beside,
Or else a tender drumstick
All crispy brown and fried.

And so I sit a moping

As homesick as can be
Because the things that mother made

My memory brings to me,
To fill my mind with longing

While my stomach is as flat
As any buckwheat pancake or e'en the old rag mat.



A STORY OF LOVE.

A story of love in green and white
Was the flower you wore this morning,
(I read as you came through the office door)
Its petals your coat adorning.

That little flower tells of tripping feet,
Of a heart which beats e'er true,
And it tells of pinky fingers deft
Which culled its bloom for you.

It tells a story of tender eyes,
Watching with constant cares,
From which glows the sympathy of a soul
Your joy and your sorrow shares.

It tells of warm and clinging arms
Yielding reluctant release,
With a sunny head on a shoulder pressed
E'er the morning's partings cease.

The little flower breathes a story of life
Which spoke the sweet good-byes
Which sweeten the moments all day long
Through all the toil which tries.

WEATHER GRUMBLERS.

The grumblers growl at April,
And they grumble at July.
There's too much rain in January,
And August is too dry.

July's too hot, October cold,
And March has too much wind.
September is too smoky,
While May—well, never mind.

December and November,
And even June, can't keep
The grumblers from growling
Unless they are asleep.

One wet day makes them all forget
The sunny ones before,
And at the February frosts
They raise a doleful roar.

In every year there are more days
Of sunshine than of rain;
So growlers, just remember that,
And don't give us a pain.

If the growlers made the weather
They couldn't please themselves,
So let us gently pass them up
And lay them on their shelves.

NEW YEAR'S.

(Ex. 12, 2.)

God's new year's day is in the spring,
When happy birds begin to sing,
And blushing flowers all round are seen,
And all the world is clothed in green.

Man's new year's comes, when gray and old,
The streams of life wax slow and cold;
And buried in a grave of snow
The world is all too dead to grow.

As youth crowds out the childish days,
So Summer's bloom obscures the ways
Of Spring, as youth, if not more pure,
Reigns with demeanor more demure.

With Springtime's joyous days forgot,
When glow of Summer's youth is not,
Autumn's fruition gathered in,
Winter, the year's last days begin.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

Have you heard of Oliver Cromwell Day,
Who lived down in old Eleuthera,
Where the winds blow life every day in the year
And old age is the only thing men fear?
Where the pineapples blush in the glowing sun,
And when summer's ended then spring's begun.
Where the palm trees wave and the blue seas sing
And the sea bird floats with lazy wing?

He lived the three score years and ten
That belonged to him, and then
Another that belonged to eternity.
So the years rolled on and by and by
He became afraid that God had forgot
That there was such a man, and what
Did he do but fret and mope,
From morning till night without any hope.

"I'm sure that the Lord wouldn't let me stay
While he's taken everybody else away!"
Said he, "if he knew in Eleuthera
Was lonesome old Oliver Cromwell Day."
And so the old man grieved and pined
And couldn't a bit of comfort find
While he thought of his Cloe in Paradise
And dolefully wiped his tearful eyes.

Things went on so for quite a good while,
And nothing could make the old man smile.
He was healthy and hearty and no more slow
Than he was a hundred years ago,
But he just seemed tired of living, was all
Of waiting to hear the white-winged call.
To lay aside all cares of life
And go to join his departed wife.

But one evening old Oliver brightened up
While he sat to partake of his humble sup
In his great great grandson's lowly home,
And his mind seemed over the years to roam.
He spoke of the days of long ago,
When life was bright with his darling Cloe,
Of joys of the day—with brightening eyes—
When they two should meet in Paradise.

He retired that night with an old love song
And no one thought of any wrong
For the old man seemed himself again—
To have given up his pinings vain.
They found him next morning cold and gray
In the crystal waters of the bay,
With a stone in a sack and a rope tied fast
He'd reminded the Lord of his child at last.

HAWTHORNE SPRING.

One day I came from the roar and din
Of the streets a-wandering
And heard in the shadows, hid away,
The song of Hawthorne spring.

The day was fair, the day was rare,
And I did not a thing
But sit in the shade and sweetly dream,
By the side of Hawthorne spring.

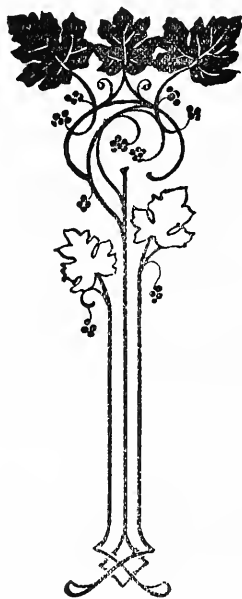
In the dark green glen so fresh and fair
With the waters pattering,
Where the truant sparrow comes to bathe,
Is hidden Hawthorne spring.

And if the muse will stop with me,
And I can only sing,
A sonnet shall gush from my grateful heart
To the stream of Hawthorne spring.

Of all the blessings earth can give,
Or from its treasure bring,
There are none more rich among its joys
Than flow from Hawthorne spring.

The earth gives out her stream of life
And the shouts of children ring,
Where men and women slake their thirst,
In the flood of Hawthorne spring.

I wander away to other scenes,
But my thoughts still fondly cling
To the glen in the heart of the city,
Where gushes Hawthorne spring.
Portland, Oregon, Sept. 8, 1905.



FAITH.

“Substance of things hoped for?”
Yea, more, and begetteth that
Which makes the things expected
As real as they themselves.
Makes manna of a crust.
Speaks assurance from the grave.
Offers triumphant translation
For the somber gloom of death.
Gives courage to launch forth
Boldly into the far unknown.
Makes fruitful the barren field.
Robes present trials with a veil
Of future joys of Paradise.
Makes willing to suffer for a time
In hopes of eternal joys to come.
Even stays the death angel’s hand
Levels obstacles in our way,
Saves our loved ones from the
Noisome pestilence of darkness.
Shuts the mouths of lions.
Stays the fury of the flames.
Transforms a mother’s kiss
Into a magic panacea.
Brings Paradise to view,
Waters love until the plainest flower
Becomes a rose most fair.
Builds a golden ladder
From earth to heaven.
Gives power to walk the troubled sea
Of human strife and weakness,
Yea, the just shall live by thee.

THE OREGON TRAIL.

A Variegated Epic.

I.

The Old Home.

Place for the memory to linger,
Birthplace of hopes and cheers,
Mother of dreams and longings
For the days of bygone years.

Its walls were made of magic wood,
Its grounds of sacred earth,
But it never could hold its growing flock
To the place that gave them birth.

Its streams were more full of laughter,
Its trees and flowers most fair,
But across the meadows and woods and plains
Came a wooing voice on the air.

Then the place where mother is,
With its comforts and its joys,
When the call of the west comes over the peaks,
Can't hold all the girls and boys.

The passing covered wagons
Told the birds of a golden day,

So they left the old nest for the wooing west
And a new one far away.

II.

The Ox Team.

Bow low to the yoke and heave and strain
To the tune of the loud gee haw!
Go Bright and Buck, you'll need your pluck,
You've a precious load to draw.

The slipp'ry hills and lakes of mud
And rivers you have to meet,
The oceans of sand and mountain peaks
Will try your sturdy feet.

So chew your cuds with never a word,
And if you get through at last,
When you lie down to rest on the evergreen shore
You'll forget all the weary past.

So gee haw Buck, and back haw Bright!
And make the ox bows squeak,
And we'll sight the old Missouri
Before the end of the week.

III.

A Muddy Rubicon.

A turbid flood, a river of mud
Sweeps before the great unknown,

But the pilgrims launched on its swelling tide,
Nor fear nor languor own.

The blue sand dunes, like an ocean wide,
Wave welcome to the band
Across Missouri's turbid stream
To the trail to the western land.

They cross, and the last tie severs now
To the old forsaken home;
The stream has written finis
At the end of the youthful tome.

IV.

The Platte River.

Inebriate stream with shifting course
Your maunderings to and fro,
The dissipation of your course
Can no man ever know?

Your treacherous sands whose clammy arms
Seek victims to embrace
With your collusion hide a grave
Beneath a shining face.

V.

The Desert.

Place where the just and unjust never were
For had they been there had been rain.

Plains where the child of nature roamed
Too simple he to comprehend
The difference 'twixt just and unjust.
Hence your rainless sands outstretching
To consume the weary pilgrim by the way.
E'er he should reach the distant goal
Beyond the peaks, which seeks his longing soul.

But now the just and unjust have appeared,
Roamed out to your once barren wastes,
The promise is made good,
The rains have come,
The desert blossoms as the rose.

VI.

The Mirage.

Strange vision of the plains;
Ignusfatus of the toil worn travelers' dreams
Relentless, cruel, but surpassing fair
With all thy beauteous lakes and streams
Less tangible than the atmosphere
Which gives your mystic beauties birth
And with the merciless sun conspires
To scourge again the burning earth
The shimmer of your wavelets in his rays
Are but to taunt the pilgrim worn
While vanishing you gloat
O'er hope from out his quivering bosom torn.

VII.

The Graves.

May be a piece of sideboard, perchance a heap of stones
Or possibly an endboard to mark the resting bones.
These silent mounds of earth piled up along the weary
way

Tell of the tired wanderers who have gone home to stay
They rest along the winding trail this army of the dead
The road to Oregon has led to their eternal bed.

Upon the desert highway and in the mountain shade,
Where fell the dead of '52 their silent graves are made.
From Iowa to Utah and on to Oregon,
The path's among the new-made graves from morn to
setting sun.

VIII.

The Sage Brush.

Like flocks of startled sheep
The gray clumps cluster on the knolls,
Silent, suggestive, mysterious, where
The prairie's quiet ocean rolls.

Curious the passing pilgrims gaze
Expectantly, and strain the ear
To listen for the shepherd's call,
The solitude to cheer.

Each passing day a waiting flock
On some new hill is seen,

Nor seem to fear the sly coyote
Whose shadow steals between.

IX.

The Indians.

The pilgrims' camp the red men view
Like eagles circling round,
But find no welcome from the band
Within the sacred ground.

A barrier of wheels forbids
The curious braves' approach;
The language of a rifle's mouth
Speaks plainly: "don't encroach!"

The children of the wilderness
All have their cheerful ways;
Their presence in the region
Calls for watchful nights and days.

Cheyennes or Umatillas
Were better out of sight;
Their appearance by the camp fire
Always meant a sleepless night.

X.

The Buffalo.

Like some mighty turbid river
Comes the surging, thundering herd,

While with awe the waiting pilgrims
Watch and utter not a word.

Endless seems the mighty sweeping
Stream of rolling, heaving life,
Roaring on with power resistless,
And with awful danger rife.

None can stem the mighty torrent ;
Woe to him who in its way
With his puny arm resisting
Would its thundering current stay.

XI.

The Coyote.

Ever present serenader,
With his multivoiced refrain,
Howling, whining, yelping, squealing,
Over hill and over plain.

How the rocks and hills re-echo,
Till he seems an eager pack,
Ravenous, with cries pursuing
Some unlucky creature's track.

Constantly he greets the pilgrims,
As they journey on their way,
With his plaintive echoing sonnets,
On the trail both night and day.

XII.

The Mountains.

Mothers of the infant rivers:

From thy breasts the weaned rills
Run, a laughing, singing concourse
Down exploring plains and hills.

Glad the pilgrims viewed the shadows
Of the peaks and solemn deeps,
For beyond the hidden mysteries
Their new home in beauty sleeps.

Comforts must be in the bosoms
Where have nursed the crystal streams,
And thy charm but half disclosing
Must fulfill expectant dreams.

* * * * *

The pilgrims plodded on their way
Through spiney cactus, sage brush gray;
With wagon box for ferry crossed
The rivers from the mountains tossed.

With wondering eyes the antelope
Surveys the train from some near slope;
The hunter chases him in vain,
Like light he flashes o'er the plain.

With ears like exclamation points,
The jack rabbit with supple joints
Leaps gaily while the pilgrims stare.
He bounds along and doesn't care
If dogs his footsteps follow hard
For he their barks does not regard.

The lazy sage hen flutters slow,
And thought of danger does not know,
While prairie dogs with barks of glee
The weary emigrants to see,
Stand guardsmen at their village doors,
Or scamper frisking on all fours.

The honest rattler by the way
Avoids not bravely to betray
His hated presence to the foe
Before the strikes the fatal blow
Or meets his enemy's assault,
Who executes without a halt.

They cross the frost-like alkali,
These pilgrims, who are like to die.
With thirst they here can not allay
With burning throats push on all day.

They pass the landmarks by the way,
Tall Chimney rock, which pointing gray
Speaks mutely of an ancient day.

Ship of the desert they descry
While Steamboat rock they wander by
"Tomb of a thousand souls," they cry,
As Independence they espy.
One carves his name and goes to sleep;
Another comes, and cutting deep
His predecessors' names deface,
Nor leaves a mark to tell the place
Where pilgrims passing marked the spot
Before they fell and then were not.

We leave our marks while in the race
For time and others to efface,
Nor realize Eternal grace
Can only save for us a place
Nor time nor man can e'er erase.

The forts the pilgrims hail with joy.
Of desert wanderings they cloy.
They sigh for Larramie and Hall:
"The flag's in sight!" in glee they call,
When Larramie, with banner high
And friendly walls they first descry,
The starry flag and men in blue
Old memories stir, old ties renew.
A sense of safety cheers the soul
Where floats the flag and drum beats roll.

Sweet Water's crystal torrent cheers;
The weary pilgrims dry their tears,
Their strength renewed to climb the peaks
A glad relief for weary weeks.

The winding Snake they travel down;
Behind the Rocky mountains frown.
Sometimes the stream they follow close,
Then towering headlands steep oppose.
Then up they climb to table lands,
Where sweep the drifts of desert sands.
The rolling hills, the canyons crossed
Again they find the river lost.

At Soda Springs they slake their thirst,
And feel that they have passed the worst.
One Thousand Springs at last they see,
And wonder why it could not be
The desert might with some of these
The pilgrims' burning thirst appease.

They saw the Malade river hide
Beneath the rocks to seek the tide.
They saw it leave the light of day
To seek a subterranean way.

They crossed at last the mighty stream
And plunged among a mountain dream
Where Powder River's snow-clad peaks
Point heavenward with their rugged beaks.

The beautiful Blue Mountains rise
A picture on the good night skies;
Their shadows offer sweet relief
For many a weary traveler's grief.
There countless rivers celebrate
Their birth, and hastening do not wait,
But seek for verdant winding ways
To get where the Columbia plays;
Or where the Snake in passing by
Cuts through the hills and mountains high.
Their pine clad slopes and valleys green
Form fairest vistas ever seen,
And tempt the weary pilgrims there
To cast their lot mid scenes so fair.

With tapering finger pointing high
Mt. Hood the Pilgrims soon descry
They glad approach its snowy peak
Beyond they know's the home they seek.

At last Columbia's flowing stream
Brings near its close the pilgrim's dream.
Its sweeping tide will bear them on
Among the scenes of Oregon;
Or from the trail along its banks
They'll watch its noisy wayward pranks
Till of its mountain playmates tired
It finds its ocean home desired.

The New Home.

A flood of homesickness o'erpowers.
This home so far, this home of ours.
Cut from the old home, aye for aye;
We naught can do but sit and cry.
Away, away beyond the hills;
The deserts passed our memory fills.
The way so long we ne'er can trace
The winding path with weary pace.
The silent sob, the yearning sigh
Tell of the voiceless inward cry.
So far, so lone, old home ties gone,
But from the cloud the new shall dawn.

Soon, soon the ocean breezes blow
Where cedars and vine maples grow
Their peaceful homes the pilgrims found
On Willamette or Puget Sound.
To work they set with heart and hand
To build an empire great and grand.
Since they have conquered all the trail
They feel that now they cannot fail,
So they commence with ready cheer—
Their gardens plant, their cabins rear,
And thus they settle at the end
On shores where peace and plenty blend.

"GOOD ENOUGH."

You say its good enough, my son,
With all its faults and flaws,
With all its blots and misspelled words
And lines like spiders' claws.
But let me tell you, sonny—
It may be pretty tough—
But a thing that isn't finished right
Is never good enough.

Our Billy went to plant one day
Potatoes on the farm.
Although 'twas early in the spring
The weather was quite warm,
So Billy, just to hurry things
Without too much hard work
Just covered them with sorghum stools,
The lazy little shirk.

In autumn when the time had come
For harvesting the crop
There were no 'tatoes in the field
But sorghum roots on top.
Now Billy said that they would do
And tried to b'lieve the stuff,
A thing that isn't finished right
Is never good enough.

The carpenter he built a bridge,
He said, "Oh, that'll do!"
Some of the timbers were not straight,
The joints were not all true.
A train went down one day and crushed
A hundred people there,
Because that carpenter had done
His work with little care.
They dragged the poor torn bodies out—
I tell you it was rough.
A thing which isn't finished right
Is never good enough.

They built an iron ship one time
They took the job too cheap,
The price of labor was so high
And iron was so steep,
So when they put the rivets in
They filled the holes with wood,
The inspector, puffing at his pipe
Said it was "very good."
The ship was wrecked, it sprung some plates
And fifty men were drowned,
And others took to the small boats
And they were never found
That ship was wrecked because the man
Thought too much of his puff.
A thing that isn't finished right
Is never good enough.

And so don't say "its good enough"
Until its finished right;
And when you're doing anything
Be careful not to slight.
When some one tries to show you
Don't fall into a huff.
A thing that isn't finished right
Is never good enough.



THE EAGLE'S LAMENT.

(Written at the eagle cage, Woodland Park, Seattle.)

I long to be free on my own native mountain—

To cleave the pure ether with eye on the sun—
To fly to the crags where the frost jewels glitter
The glaciers sweep down and the river's begun.

I languish in prison, enchained by a people

Enthralled by its greed while I long to be free;
The bird of the nation degraded and humbled,
Nor honored as much as the crow on yon tree.

Oh, come ye patriots, come to my rescue,

And tear down the walls of my prison house here;
Ye brave men who followed old glory to victory,
Free the bird of your country with song and with cheer.

Come with me to the mountains and breathe the pure
ether

Up close to the stars and the heavens of blue.
And learn of the throbs of the heart of the eagle
In the school of his beetling crags strong and true.

Are the patriots gone to the tombs of their fathers

That I, like a miscreant, in durance must pine?
Oh, give me a taste of that blood-purchased freedom,
Or take from your banner that image of mine.



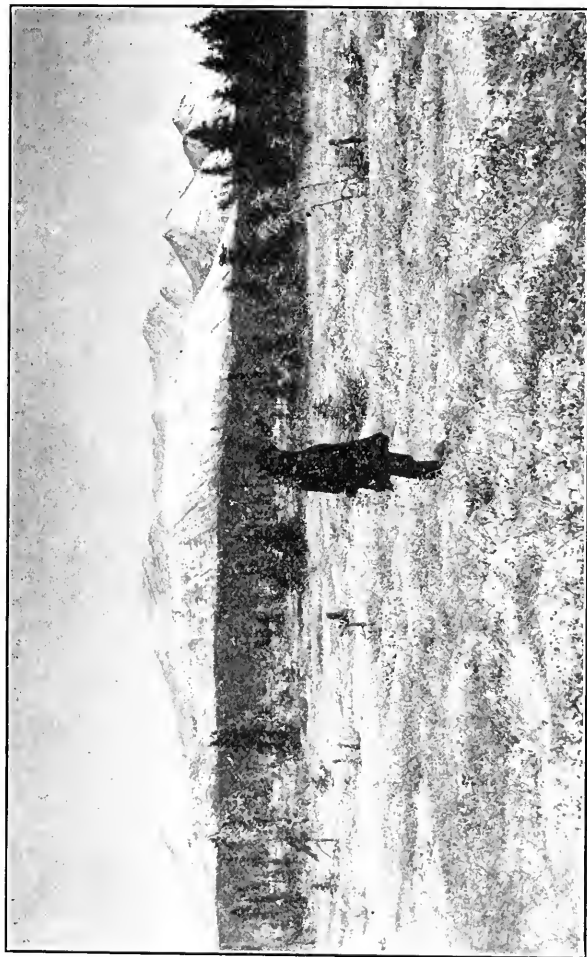
IN A SEATTLE PARK



FIVE FINGER RAPIDS, ON THE YUKON.

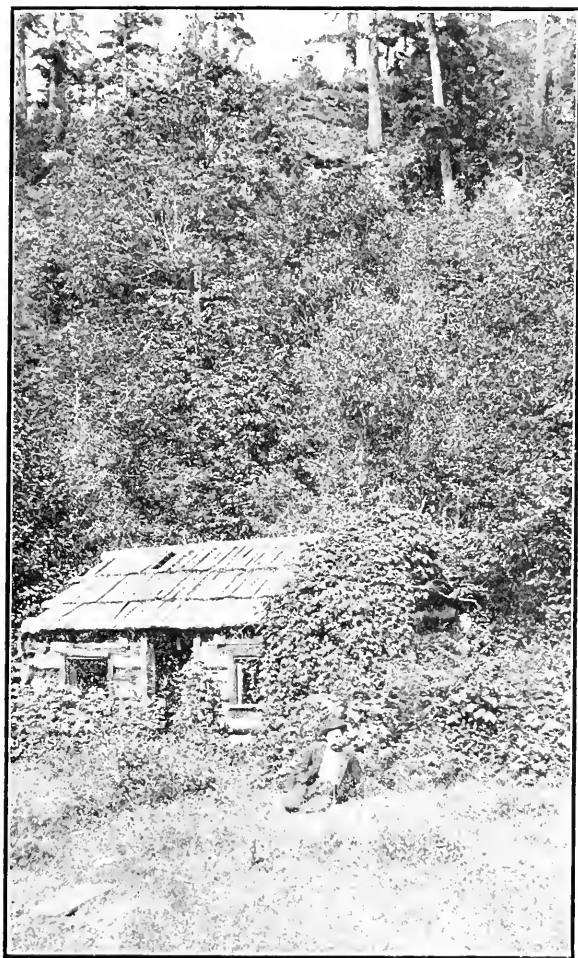


HAINES, ALASKA.



ST. SERGIS MTS.

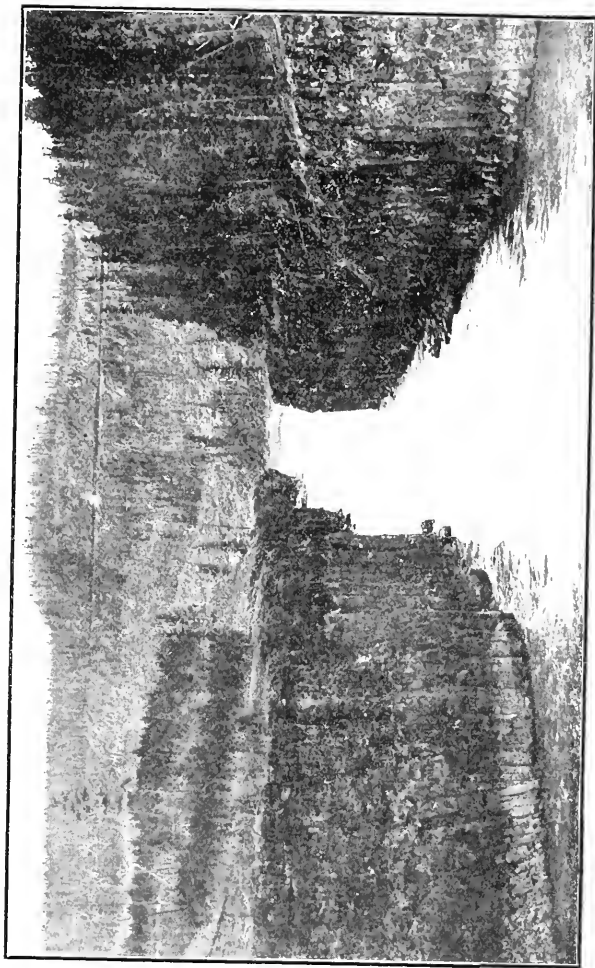




THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD



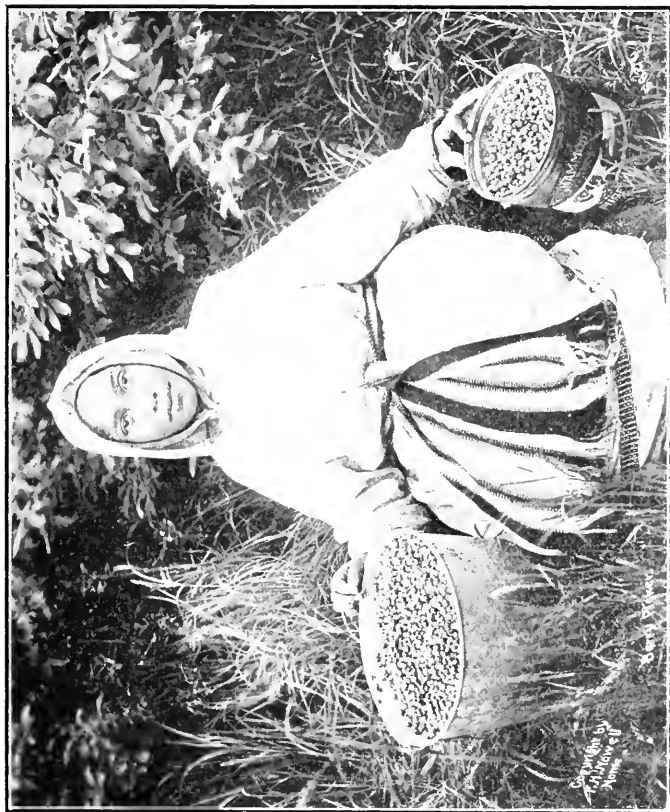
ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM SKAGWAY



MILES CANYON, ALASKA.

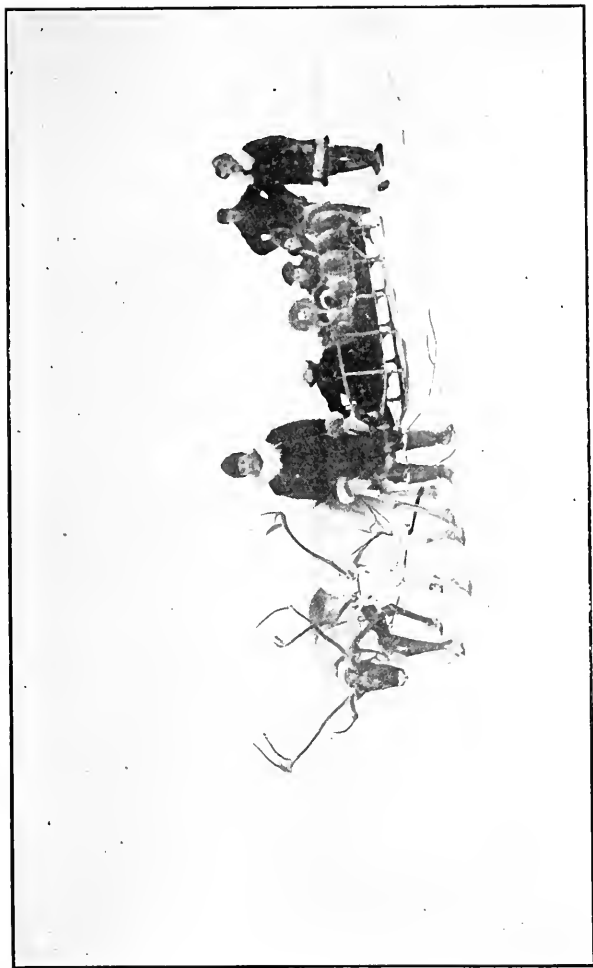


FIFTY-MILE RIVER



ALASKA IS NOT SUCH A COLD COUNTRY AFTER ALL.

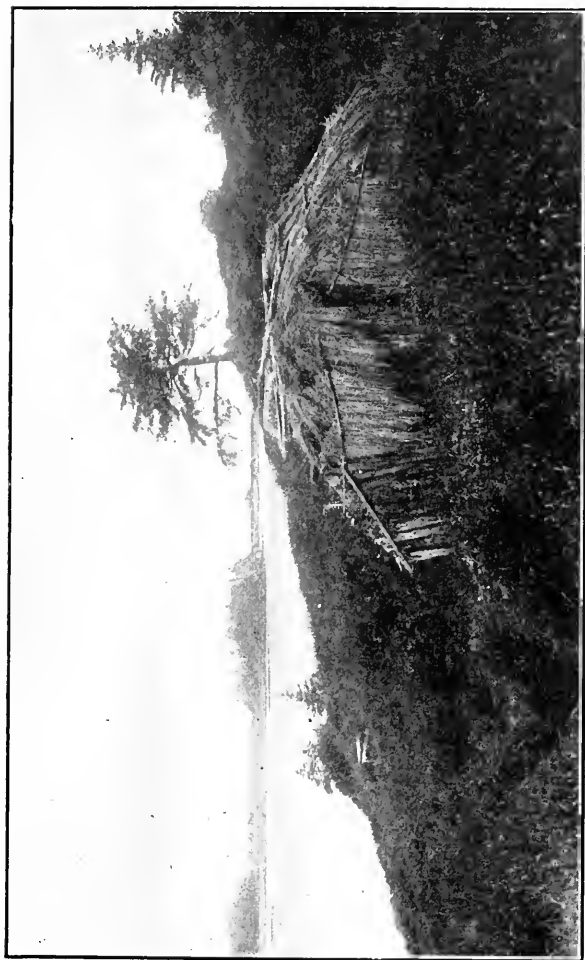




AN ALASKA SLEIGHING PARTY



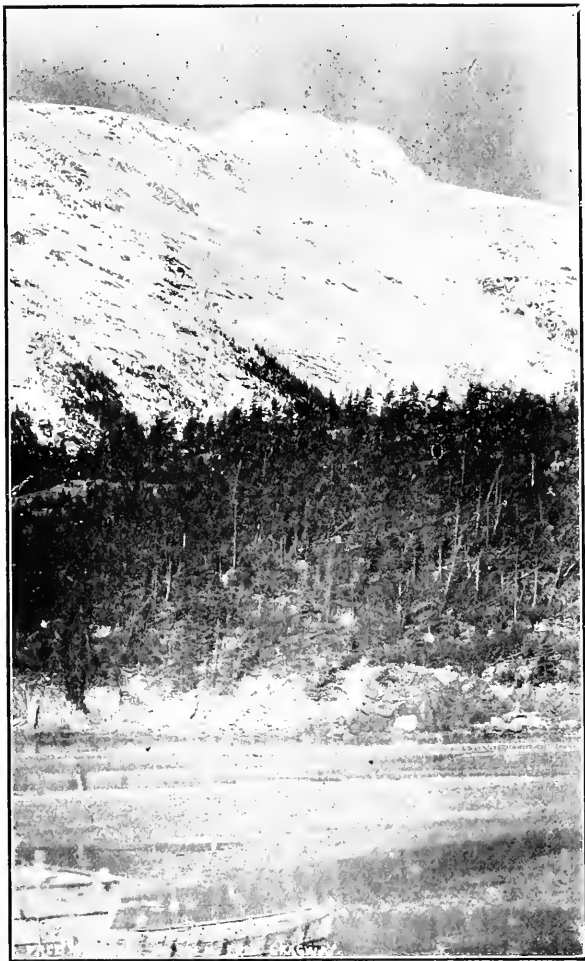
INDIAN RIVER BRIDGE, ALASKA



CELIOVIA



MEDICAL LAKE—GROWING.



FACE MOUNTAIN, ALASKA.



MT. HALSON.



№ 304. B.

ON THE YUKON

SENTIMENT.

Some people scoff at sentiment,
And say it is all gush,
But when I hear them talk that way
I always tell them hush.

For sentiment's the only thing
Which causes us to give—
The only thing that lightens loads
And makes life fit to live.

It's sentiment that causes
Wayward boys to recollect
The prayers that mother prays,
For them, and to reflect
Upon their ways and turn and seek

Their praying mother's God,
Repenting, thoughtful, to forsake
The wayward paths they've trod.

'Tis sentiment which caused the boy
With tender loving care
To shelter mother in his home
In a warm corner there,

And sentiment kept father
From the poorhouse on the hill,
Because its e'er persuading force
The children's senses thrill.

It's sentiment which children have
Which makes them honor age,
And tenderly the bowing cares
Of their last days assuage.

'Tis only sentiment which makes
The gentleman refined,
So thus he treats with deference
And honor woman kind.

It's sentiment which plants the flower
Upon the silent grave;
'Tis this which ever keepeth green
The memory of the brave.

'Tis sentiment which kindness brings,
And makes us look above
And makes us lift each other up—
The sentiment of Love.

THE NEW NATION.

The agony of centuries is rolled away,
The mother nation comes from out infinity
To gather to its breast in tender care
Its needy children, and their burdens bear.
From west to east wherever shines the sun,
Upon the sons of men, while seasons run.
This nation's hand extended ever thus
Dispenses needful bounties generous.

Blind eyes are opened, and the maimed made whole;
The crippled healed in body, mind and soul.
Physician of its people, its maternal rule
Makes sickness impossible, and to e'en a fool
The way of life and health made plain,
And banished from the kingdom woe and pain.

There are no starving, and the hungry find
Supplies their every need this nation kind.
The ragged with clothing does this nation bless
And doth in robes of righteousness its people dress.

The disobedient are made to feel the power,
The nation's mandates, and for not an hour
Unpunished goes injustice, and no case appealed;
The iron rod of right will never yield.

There is no court but one to execute
Before it wrong and selfishness are mute.
Wrong will be stayed before its done,
The nation's hand will throttle e'er begun
The act of selfishness and greed,
And every subject must its mandates heed.

The greedy will be temperate; with no waste
Will the new nation ever be disgraced.
The lazy be industrious and work,
And honest toil will no one ever shirk.
Crime be unpunished for there'll be no crime,
Man's impulse guided by a hand sublime.
Beneath the sun the flag of right unfurled
The nation's rule will be the wide wide world.



ELOISE OF SNOHOMISH.

A Song.

Her face is sweet and her little feet
Are busy all day long,
She loves the whole world fervently,
And her heart is full of song.

Chorus—

Farewell, old world, I'm going to her,
Among her crags and trees;
You've nothing so sweet as the kiss and smile
Of my darling Eloise.

Her hands are soft, and her voice is low,
And her heart is tender and kind,
And among her mountains green and white
No purer can you find.

Chorus—

Like a happy bird she flitted in
To my heart that summer day,
For love shone in her blue, blue eye,
And tempted me to stay.

Chorus—

I've wandered the wide world over,
Through all its lands and seas,
I'll hie me back to Snohomish
And my darling Eloise.

Chorus—

Then ask me not to longer stay
Amid the toil and strife,
For I must go where the mountains glow,
For she's to be my wife.

Chorus—

And now, while the lutes of the wind play low,
Among the swaying trees;
In peace I listen, while I dream,
To the song of my Eloise.

IMMANUEL'S LAMP.

119th Psalm.

Though dark the way, we yet are undefiled,
If walking in his law for whom creation smiled,
Blessed is the one who keeps his testament,
To find his way whose heart is ever bent.
No evil can ingulf the one who stays,
He's always safe within thy lighted ways.
Thou hast commanded diligent to keep,
Thy precepts; then whether I'm awaking or asleep,
Oh, may my ways for e'er directed be,
Thy statute be the hand that guideth me.
Then I shall never blush when I reflect,
When thy commandments ever I respect.
I'll praise thee ever with an upright heart,
When thy right judgments thou to me impart.
Thy statutes I will ever keep;
Thou wilt not leave me utterly to weep.

Wherewith shall the young man keep clean?
When by thy light his way is ever seen.
I've sought thee with an undivided heart;
Oh let me not from thy commands depart.
Thy word is hid my trusting heart within;
Against thee, then, I nevermore may sin.
Teach me thy statutes, Lord, thou blessed one;

Declared have I thy judgments every one.
Thy testimonies have my earthly way rejoiced.
As much as riches yea without alloys.
Thy precepts I will meditate upon,
Respect unto thy ways have ever done.
I with thy statutes will myself delight;
Thy word, will e'er remember it aright.

Oh with thy servant bountifully deal,
Thy word in keeping I may live and feel.
Often mine eyes that I may rightly see
The wonders of thy holy law for me.
A stranger in this teeming earth am I,
Hide not commandments from my mortal eye.
My soul breaks for the longing that it hath
At all times for thy judgments in my path.
Thou hast rebuked the proud who are accursed;
From thy commandments do they erring burst.
Remove from me reproaches and contempt;
Thy testimonies kept do me exempt.
Against me also princes sat to prate;
Thy statutes did thy servant meditate.
Thy testimonies, also my delight,
My counsellors are ever day and night.

My soul is prone to cleave unto the earth;
By thy word, Lord, give unto me new birth.
Thou hast heard me declare my earthly ways,
Teach unto me thy statutes and thy praise.

Make me to understand thy precepts' grace,
So shall I tell thy wondrous works by days.
For heaviness my soul would melted be;
According to thy word strengthen thou me.
Habit of lying Lord do thou remove;
Graciously thy law grant me in love.
The way of truth indeed has been my choice,
Before me laid thy judgments, I rejoice.
Unto thy testimonies Lord have I adhered,
Oh put me not unto the shame I feared.
The way of thy commandments I will run,
When thou enlargement of my heart hast done.

Teach me, oh Lord, thy statutes' way,
And I shall keep it to eternal day.
An understanding of thy law impart;
I will observe it with a single heart.
Make me to go in thy commandments' path,
For walking there my soul rejoicing hath.
Unto thy testimonies, oh my heart incline,
That weeds of covetousness may not my life entwine.
Oh turn my eyes from empty vanity;
Thy way may I be wholly quickened by.
Thy word establish in thy servant's ear;
So shall I ever Lord thyself revere.
Turn from me the reproach I ever feared,
For by the prospect of thy judgments I am cheered.
Thy precepts have I longed within my heart;
Thy righteousness to quicken me impart.

Oh let thy mercies come unto me, Lord;
Save me according to thy holy word.
So shall I have wherewith to answer him,
For in thy word my trust has ever been.
Take not thy word from out my mouth away,
For in thy righteous judgments is my stay.
So shall I keep thy law continually for aye,
And in thy precepts ever walk at liberty.
In front of kings I'll boldly stand and speak
Of testimonies thine I ever seek.
Commandments thine for my delight have proved,
For them my soul has ever loved.
To thy commands my hands will I lift up;
I loved them; and thy statutes I will sup.

Allow me not within thy word to grope,
For in it thou hast caused me thus to hope.
In my affliction does it comfort me,
For by thy word my spirit's eyes do see.
The proud have had me greatly in contempt;
To live without thy law I'll not attempt.
Remembered I thy judgments just of old,
Have comforted myself in them by laying hold.
Horror hath taken hold upon me when I saw
The wicked wanton who forsake thy law.
Thy righteous statutes they have been my song,
While journeying this earthly pilgrimage along.
Thy name, oh Lord, remembered I by night;

Thy law in reverence I heeded right.
This, Lord, thy servant able was to do,
Because he ever kept thy precepts true.

Thou art my portion and thy precious words
I've said I'd keep, and it sweet peace affords
With all my heart thy favor I entreat,
And by thy word bring mercy and alight my feet.
Upon thy way my inner being yearned ;
My feet unto thy testimonies turned.
I hastened me thy testaments to keep,
With them my soul could never fall asleep.
Though wicked hands have robbed even me,
I never have forgot thy law to see.
At midnight from my humble couch I'll rise,
Because of righteous judgments from the skies.
Those who revere thee are my friends, indeed,
With them I would thy precepts ever heed.
Thy mercy fills the needy earth, oh, Lord,
Teach me the statutes of thy mighty word.

Thou hast dealt well with me, my Lord ;
Thy servant sees, according to thy word.
Teach me good judgment and thyself to know,
For thy commandments I have trusted so.
Before afflicted I did go astray.
But by thy word I now walk in thy way.
Oh, thou art good and always doest good,
For I thy righteous statutes ever would.

Against me now the proud have forged a lie,
But with whole heart thy statutes keep will I.
Their lustful heart is very fat with grease,
But with thy law I e'er my heart will please.
'Tis good for me that I've afflicted been,
For thus thy holy statutes I have seen.
This law of thine is better far to me
Than coffers full of gold and silver be.

Thy mighty hands have made and fashioned me;
Give understanding thy commands that I may see.
Who fear thee will be glad at sight of me,
Because upon thy word my hope shall be.
I know, oh, Lord, thy judgments they are right,
They faithfully affect to bring me light.
Let me take comfort from thy mercy rare,
According to thy word do never spare.
Let mercies tender overshadow now,
That I may live; thy law is my delight, I vow.
The proud perversely dealt with me without a cause;
Oh let them be ashamed, I love thy laws.
Let those who fear thee unto me be turned,
And those who have thy testimonies learned.
Thy statutes for my heart a solid ground,
That I be not ashamed when I am found.

For thy salvation doth my life e'er faint;
I have a living hope thy word acquaint.
Mine eyes are failing for thy word to see,

Saying, my Lord, "when wilt thou comfort me?"
For I am like a bottle in the smoke become,
Yet keep thy statutes in my earthly home.
What do the years thy servant has compute?
When wilt thy judgments come on those who persecute?
The pit the proud have digged for me I saw,
And know their work is not according to thy law.
All thy commands they faithful are I know,
They wrongful persecute, help thou me go.
They had almost consumed me on the earth;
I in thy precepts find eternal worth.
After thy loving kindness quicken; wake from sleep.
The testimony of thy mouth I'll ever keep.

Settled in heaven thy word forever is,
And unto all is shown thy faithfulness.
To generations coming, and in ages past
The earth's established, thou hast made it fast.
By thy ordaining they abide today;
All are thy servants held beneath thy sway.
Unless thy law had been my soul's delight,
In my affliction I'd have perished in the night.
Thy precepts, Lord, I never will forget,
For with them thou dost quick'ning power beget.
The wicked they have sought me to destroy;
Thy testimonies do my mind employ.
Of all perfection I have seen an end,
But thy commandments very broad extend.

Oh how I love thy law, thy lightened way;
It is my meditation all the day.
Through thy commandments thou hast made me wise
To overcome my enemies before my eyes.
More than my teachers I have understanding found,
For in my mind thy testimonies e'er abound.
I understand more than the ancients did,
Because thy precepts in my mind are hid.
I have refrained my feet from every evil way;
That I thy word had kept can truthful say.
I've not departed from thy judgments just,
For in them thou hast taught me, Lord, to trust.
How sweet, oh, Lord, thy words are unto me,
Yea, sweeter than the store sipped by the bee.
Through thy precepts I understanding get,
Therefore thy servant all false ways doth hate.

In thy immortal word a lamp my footsteps hath,
Immanuel's lamp, a light unto my path.
I've sworn it, and perform I will,
To keep thy righteous judgments and fulfill.
My life's afflicted very much, oh, Lord!
Living my life according to thy word.
Accept I pray thee now my gift of praise,
Teach me thy judgments and thy holy ways.
My soul continually is in my hand,
Yet do I not forget upon thy law to stand.
The wicked crafty laid a snare for me,
Thy precepts yet I have not failed to see.

Thy testimonies are my legacy from thee,
Rejoicing of my heart they e'er will be.
My heart to ever faithful be's inclined,
Unto the end thy statutes e'er to mind.

I hate vain thoughts, but thy great law I love.
'Tis thou a hiding place dost ever prove.
And shield 'gainst Satan's fiery darts,
A hope thy word within my bosom starts.
Ye evil doers now from me depart,
I treasure God's commands within my heart.
According to thy word, oh, me uphold,
That I may live and not ashamed, but bold.
I shall be safe if thou but hold me up;
Continually from thy statutes I will sup.
The ones who err thou'st trod beneath thy feet,
For they thy statutes handle with deceit.
Like dross the wicked dost thou put away,
Therefore I love thy testimonies every day.
My flesh it trembleth, Lord, for fear of thee,
And thy vast judgments which the world shall see.

Judgment and justice I have faithful done,
Oh leave me not 'mid my oppressors won.
Be surety for thy servant, Lord, for good;
Let not the proud oppress me if he would.
For thy salvation, Lord, mine eyes
Weep for the comfort that thy word supplies.
According to thy mercy deal with me,

Teach me thy statutes, Lord, to see.
I am thy servant, understanding give,
That I may know thy testaments and live.
'Tis time for thee to work, oh Lord, because
They have made void thy perfect laws.
Therefore, oh Lord, I love thy great commands,
Above fine gold, yea, fine gold from the sands.
Thy precepts on all things, Lord, are right
I hate false ways for they obscure thy light.

Thy testimonies are most wonderful to view,
Therefore my waiting soul doth keep them true.
The entrance of thy word it giveth light,
The simple even see thy radiance bright.
Opened I my mouth and panted more;
For thy commands had I a longing sore.
Look thou upon me and be merciful the same
As formerly thou didst, to those who loved thy name.
Oh, order thou my steps within thy word;
Destroy iniquity in me with thy sharp sword.
Deliver me from those who would oppress,
So I will keep thy precepts, they shall bless.
Upon thy servant make thy face to shine,
Teach me thy statutes, they shall then be mine.
Rivers of waters run from out my eyes,
Because they will not keep the way thy law supplies.

Righteous, oh, Lord, art thou,
To thy most holy judgments will we bow.

Thy testimonies, thy commands are right
And ever faithful for our guidance quite.
Consumed by zeal my heart is ever stirred,
Because mine enemies have forgot thy holy word.
I love thy word because it is so pure,
Though small, despised, I feel thy precepts sure.
An everlasting righteousness is thine;
Thy law as truth will ever, ever shine.
Trouble and anguish take a hold on me,
Yet thy commands my dear delight shall be:
An everlasting righteousness thy testimonies have;
Give understanding unto me and I shall live.

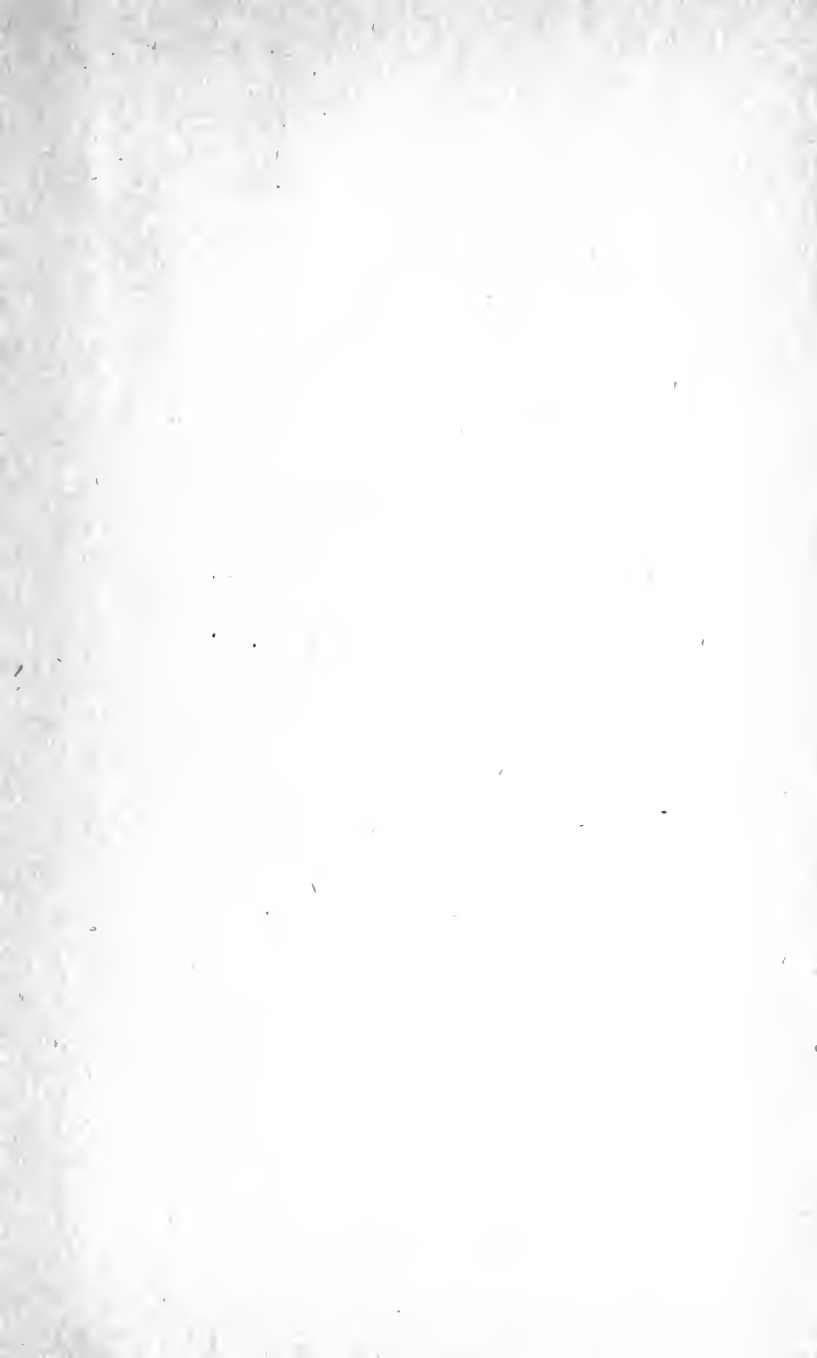
I cried with my whole heart: "Hear me, or, Lord!"
And I will keep the statutes of thy holy word.
To thee I cried: "Save me, oh Lord, I pray!
And I will keep thy testaments, yea, for aye."
The dawning of the morn I interrupt
And cried while hoping, in thy word I supped.
Mine eyes were open in the wakeful night,
That by thy word I might my soul requite.
Oh, hear thou as thy loving kindness be;
According to thy judgment quicken me.
The mischief makers come at me to cry,
Far from thy law, not guided by thine eye.
But thou art near, my Lord, to keep,
For thy commands are truth, dost never sleep.
Of all thy testimonies I have known of old;
Forever thy glad story hast thou told.

Consider mine afflictions, and deliver me,
For in my mind thy laws forever be.
Deliver me, oh Lord, and plead my cause,
Oh give me life according to thy laws.
Far from the wicked is salvation's hope;
Far from thy statutes in the dark they grope.
Great are thy tender mercies, yea, I know.
With thy great judgments oh my soul endow.
Though enemies and persecutors, Lord, are mine,
Yet from thy judgments will I not incline.
Transgressors I beheld, my bosom stirred,
Because they would not keep thy holy word.
Oh, Lord, consider how I love thy precepts rife;
According to thy loving kindness give me life.
Thy word proved true from the beginning past;
Forever shall thy righteous judgments last.

Princes have persecuted me without a cause;
My heart still stands in reverence of thy laws.
As one who finds a hidden treasure rare,
Delighting in thy word its joys I share.
Lying I hate; by this I now reprove,
But treasure truth and so thy law I love.
I praise thee, Lord, yea, seven times a day,
Because of thy just judgments by the way.
Great peace is there for those who love thy law,
And nothing shall offend or over awe.
For thy salvation I have ever hoped,
Done thy commands, nor in the darkness groped.

My life has e'er thy testimonies kept,
Exceedingly I love them, and thy harvest rept.
Thy testimonies and thy precepts I retain;
My ways are all before thee, open, plain.

Oh let me know, oh Lord, my cry is heard,
And give me understanding by thy word.
Oh, listen to my supplications, Lord, and hear;
Deliver me according to thy word from fear.
With grateful heart my lips shall utter praise,
When thou hast taught me of thy glorious ways.
My tongue shall speak thy holy word to bless,
For thy commands are just and righteousness.
Oh let thy hand my help be, Lord, today;
Thy precepts I have chosen to obey
I longed for thy salvation in the night;
Oh, Lord, thy holy law is my delight.
My soul shall praise thee if thou let it live;
And let thy judgments help me praise to give.
Like a lost sheep thy servant went astray;
Search me and bring me back into thy way.



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